A New Stock of Umbrellas & Rain-proof Coats for the wet weather, at CAMPBELL BROS.

THE ISLANDER

Watson's Unshrinkable underwear for ladies and children at CAMPBELL BROS.

NOV 7 1911 VICTORIA, B. C.

170

No. 74 THE ISLANDER, CUMBERLAND, B. C., SATURDAY, OCT. 28, 1911 Subscription price $1.50 per year

MAYOR MCLEOD WILL TRY AGAIN

Will Enter Again In Mayoralty Contest For 1912

Interviewed by a reqresentative of the ISLANDER this week Mayor McLeod stated that he would again be a candidate for that office as he considered that he deserved another year in office on his own merits, as in the short time he has represented us he has made more improvements to the city, improvements that were really needed, than ever before in the history of the city, in the same period of time.

Taking hold of the affairs of the city when its finances were at its lowest ebb, the McLeod administration has proven both mindful of the rights of the resident as well as of the floating population and householder. Besides this the administration has not been narrow-minded, but has been both tolerant and sensible of the serious duties it has has had, and has also tried to make our city both healthy and attractive. One of the greatest improvements, stated Mayor McLeod, was the improvement of the sewerage system, without which any city is always threatened by the menace of ill health; this improvement alone would have cost the city four thousand dollars, but through the management and influence of the McLeod administration this had been averted and the government had granted the city this sum for the improvement of sewers, a work which was absolutely necessary, as anyone knows who went through our alleys and saw the rotten state of the sewers of the old wood box type which were burst in many places spewing their filth and corruption up in the alleyways. These are now being replaced with vitrified pipe or tile; of course not everywhere can be remedied as it takes time, but the Mayor hopes to see this important work finished before the snow flies.

Another great improvement was the opening up of Allen Avenue from Second to Fourth Streets; the latter has just been opened this year and has improved the value of property greatly in that section, and has made it more passable for pedestrians and others who had to wend their way through the stumps to find their front doors, at the risk of broken legs and necks.

The crossings have all been repaired and their is no danger of drowning now between the Royal Bank and the post office, the streets are in better repair than ever before, as anybody who has eyes to see knows; and though the cement sidewalks have not been laid on the main street, the Mayor expects a man here to give an estimate almost any time, and although it may be late in the year, this issue will be settled either one way or the other.

Mayor McLeod then stated that he had went into office in a case of emergency, and though he had poor support in the council this year, two of the aldermen practically not attending the meetings. He wishes to make it clear that he will be in the fight to the last ditch with a broad minded policy which cannot be influenced to do wrong, but will stand for a first-class administration of the city's funds and business policy, in fact anything that will improve and beautify the city will meet with approbation.

The Mayor then went on to state that he had great faith in the future of Cumberland and enumerated a few of the planks in his platform which will appear in a later issue of this paper.

Mrs. Williams, dressmaker and milliner, opposite opera house, Courtenay.
Sept2 Sept30

T. E. BATE HAS NOT DECIDED

May Be Candidate For Office Of Mayor

The ISLANDER in all fairness to each of the aspirants for the Mayors office in the coming civic elections has visited each in turn and started with the Mayor who now occupies the chair and then the most prominently mentioned candidate Mr. T. E Bate. Mr. Bate of whom as he is generally known said he had not made up his mind whether he will run or not business is good and he has as much as he can attend to now without loading the business of the city on his shoulders still as he had been visited and waited on by a large number of the electors and as they seemed to think him the man fitted for the job and that things would be run in first class shape that is as to the financing of the city and its other policys. He thought that if enough pressure was brought to bear, he would be a candidate but so far he has not made up his mind, but if he decides to run he would hold a public meeting and discuss the issues before the electors also his platform which would be the same as last year, plank for plank in fact anything that was for Cumberland would find his hearty support.

NOTICE

The Annual meeting of the Comox Agricultural & Industrial Association will be held in the Agricultural Hall at Courdenay on the evening of October 31st at eight o'clock to Recive the Report of the officers for past year also the election of officers will take place to which all those interested are hartilly invited to be present. R. Carter Jr. Secretary.

COMOX LAND DISTRICT
District of Comox.

TAKE notice that I, James Strickland Bevins of Comox District, occupation rancher, intends to apply for permission to lease the following described land:—Commencing at a post planted at the south-west corner close to a post marked J. R. M., N. E. C. and being the N. W. C. of Lot 129, Comox District, thence south-easterly twenty-seven chains following the shore line, thence north-easterly for five chains, thence north-westerly twenty-seven chains, thence south-westerly for five chains to commencement and containing seventeen acres more or less.

Dated October 10th, 1911.

JAMES S. BEVINS.

HORSES FOR SALE.

One bay mare, and one sorrel mare, also wagon (little used) and harness; the lot $400, cheapest buy of the day, also one bay mare, four years old, not broken and colt, colt by Champion Hackney Horse $250, also bay horse, six years old 17 hands, harness and almost new buggy $350. Can be seen any time by appointment. Apply, Bates & Hardy, Auctioneers, Courtenay.

Mr. H. Theobald has rented Mr. D. Kilpatrick's residence on Penrith Avenue, where he will reside for the present. We are pleased to think there is one man that has some faith in the future of our city, and that is Mr. Theobald. He informs us that he is going to build a fine residence on the lot formerly occupied by Dan Stewart and whose residence got burned sometime ago.

We notice Mr. Victor Bonora is having his premises enlarged. The work is under the proficient foremanship of Mr. Neil McLeod, who is rushing the work to completion When the building is finished Mr. Bonora will be prepared to fill the requirements of the transient trade of Cumberland.

20 acres good land in the Happy Valley partly cleared, with two houses good well, running stream through property. School on corner of property. A snap. For particulars apply Island Realty Co. Courtenay B. C.

B. C. LEAGUE FOOTBALL DATES

Schedule Of Games To Be Played This Season

The following is the 1911 schedule for the B. C. league. Con Jones has offered a valuable cup for the league, and he will also give eleven gold medals to the winners from year to year.

Oct. 28, Cumberland at Nanaimo.
Oct. 30. Cumberland at Victoria.
Nov. 2, Vancouver at Victoria.
Nov. 11, Cumberland. at Vancouver.
Nov 11, Victoria at Nanaimo,
Nov. 18 Vancouver at Ladysmith.
Nov. 18, Victoria at Cumberland.
Nov. 25, Ladysmith at Victoria.
Nov. 28, Nanaimo at Vancouver.
Dec. 2, Victoria at Vancouver.
Dec. 2, Ladysmith at Cumberland.
Dec. 9, Ladysmith at Nanaimo.
Dec. 16, Nanaimo at Ladysmith.
Dec 16, Vancouver at Cumberland.
Dec 30, Vancouver at Nanaimo.
Dec 30, Ladysmith at Victoria.
Jan. 6, Cumberland at Ladysmith.
Jan. 6, Vancouver at Victoria.
Jan 13, Ladysmith at Nanaimo.
Jan. 20, Nanaimo at Cumberland.
Jan. 20, Victoria at Ladysmith.
Jan. 27, Ladysmith at Cumberland.
Feb. 3, Cumberland at Ladysmith.
Feb. 3, Nanaimo at Victoria.
Feb 10, Ladysmith at Vancouver.
Feb 10, Victoria at Nanaimo.
Feb. 17, Nanaimo at Ladysmith.
Feb, 17, Vancouver at Cumberland.
Feb. 24, Nanaimo at Vancouver.
March 2, Ladysmith at Vancouver,
March 9, Vancouver at Nanaimo.
March 9, Cumberland at Vancouver.
March 16, Victoria at Ladysmith.
March 16, Nanaimo at Cumberland.
March 23, Cumberland at Vancouver.
March 23, Nanaimo at Victoria.
March 30, Victoria at Vancouver
April 5, Cumberland at Nanaimo.
April 13, Vancouver at Ladysmith.
April 13. Victoria at Cumberland.

THE MIDNIGHT PHILOSOPHER REAPPEARS

I have been asked so often and by so many different people to again contribute to the press in the same old strain and under the same old familiar heading, that I at last consented to the invitation of the editor to slip a little more ink—together with a few more things at the public. The timid are advised to seek cover, and the thin skinned to shy clear.

It was with the utmost disgust that I read the article in the "News" re the establishing of a sporting house in Cumberland. The article was a slander at the whole community, and the article denotes a degradation in this city that is unparalelled. The writer was devoid of all decency and intelligence to give out to the public what he may have heard through the keyhole of a bar; but what was only intended for people with a sense of humor in their system. Any man who would publish as the standard of morals in a community what is known as "drunken swagger," over-heard in tap rooms and low dives should be locked up. He is a pitiful wretch and is so green I would advise him to advoid all cows as he might get eaten up. I am also of the opinion that were he eaten up the unfortunate cow would die of poison, as he has a mind so evil it would kill anything. I have no patience with the "unco guid" or overpious. I saw the "Scarlet Letter" in the picture show last week, and it recalled to me the book I read some years ago; I would advise the writer of the article in the "News" to read the book.

When I see a man pursuing a course with tremendous zeal (no matter what it may be, temperance, moral reform, religion, Socialism) I am always wary of him. He is liable to swerve round and throw all his energy in an opposite direction any minute. History is full of such types. The present day is not without examples.

All periods in the evolution of man are typified in the human race to-day. Happy is he whose eyes are open to read the record of written and unwritten history in the lives of his fellow man to-day. Here we have to-day the "atom" whose intellect is so small it would tax all microscopes to discover. Then we have one of the jelly fish period, one who has no bone or sinew but drifts with the tide. Now we have the "sponge" that fastens on a rock and is fed by what comes within its reach in the water. Then we have the fish; God knows we have him yet. You can see this type around in Cumberland in all stages of evolution from the "one drink minnow" to the "spouting whale". Then again is the "reptile," the cunning crafty guy who generally has a "good proposition" which is too good to keep, as he prefers the cash. This specie is extensive and varied, and interesting in the extreme Next, we have the plants, the sunflowers and the pumpkins. These useful people who make good slaves and are content to remain rooted in one spot and enjoy the sunny smile of a patron, king or boss. Then we have the bird type; who has not seen the pride of the peacock, the chattering of the magpie, and the croak of the raven exemplified in human nature, to say nothing of the amorous rooster and and the prolific wren. Now we come to the animal kingdom which is so closely allied to the human race it is hard to draw the line of demarkation. Who wants to draw it anyhow? What should divide one ass from another? That one has two and the other four legs does not dissolve the affinity. Then there are the other animals with traits and characteristics so similar to human family and vica versa, that one has of look to the number of pedals to give the correct classification. In many instances the advantages and superiority is with what we call the brute creation. It seems that all that human race succeeded in doing is cultivating the lower traits of the animal kingdom. When one looks at the present system of society in a critical eye we are compelled to come to the conclusion that it is not far removed from that, that existed in the dark and medeival ages. We cannot force things. "The little that is done seems nothing when we look forward and see how much we have yet to do," said the great Goethe. While we realize this we must not get impatient; The whole line has to advance, consequently progress is not very perceptible. It will advance, as the above writer also says. "Like the stars, without haste without rest.". My pipes go out.

MURRAY THE LONG LOST

Re-appears and Hurls Defiance At Thomson

After about three months of mysterious silence there looms up on the sporting horizon the possible chance of an exciting wrestling bout with those well known wrestlers, Murray and Thompson occupying the limelight.

Ever since Thompson had to deny Murray his match through no fault of his own or any question of his willingness and since Murray's defeat of McCuish, there has been two questions worrying the minds of the sporting public whether Thompson would make a better show than McCuish did with Murray, and whether Murray showed all he had, both sides having their own opinion and it seems that the question may be settled if Thomson accepts the challenge that Murray publishes in this paper last issue.

Of course to throw Thompson three times in an hour Murray is taking a handful on himself that very few men would care to tackle, as the local boy is no slouch and would make Murray hurry in any case as to Murry who knows what he can do but he never appeared to have the strength or weight that Thompson has and to throw him three times an hour appears to be a herculean task It is hoped that the men sign up, as they both have bunches of admirers who would like to see them in action.

CHALLENGE.

I hereby challenge Frank Beban to a wrestling match and agree to throw him twice in thirty minutes for a purse of one Hundred Dollars. For further particulars address DAVID SHAW
Box 322 Cumberland B. C.

A SERIOUS SHOOTING AFFRAY

Charlie Scavardo Shot By Chinaman On Wednesday

On wednesday night Charles Scavardo the son of one of our prominent citizens was shot and seriously injured by a chinaman on the sidewalk near the school from what can be learned it seems that Scavardo and his chums, were walking along the sidewalk when a chinaman bumped into them, some one of the boys said, "What did you do that for?" when the Chinaman pulled a gun and shot Scavardo. The young man was removed to the hospital where he is doing as well as can be expected. Constable Stevenson and the city police are working on the case and made one arrest at the depot yesterday morning. The chinaman arrested was carrying a revolver whether he was the boy's assailant remains to be seen.

LOST—Between R, Grant's garage and Company's farm, brass cover for top of Radiator. Finder will confer favor by returning same to this office

The Ladies, of the Macabees held a special meeting on Wednesday evening last. The object of the meeting was to present Mrs I. Garnes with a token of remembrance from the Ladies on the eve of her departure for the U. S. The presentation was a handsome dressing case. Refreshments were served during the evening and a good time was spent by all.

While working on the Bonora block Pete Dematis fell from the roof and received serious injuries, sevesal bones being broken. He is now in the hospital where he is doing nicely.

Look out for the Grand Masquerade Ball to be given by the Courtenay Basket ball Locial Club in the Courtenay Opera House on Thursday December 28th. Big Prize List. Get busy girls.

G. A. Fletcher Music Co. of Nanaimo have now engaged their own private tuner whose work will be strictly guaranteed by the firm, and they advise customers and friends to notify the firm when tuning or repairing is needed. The tuner will be in Cumberland early in November and orders may be left at T. E. Bates store and will be promptly attended to. G. A. Fletcher Music Co The Sole Agents for Gerhard Heintziman Pianos and Columbia and Edison Phonographs and Records.

NOTICE

Tenders are being called for Janitor for K. of P. Hall Cumberland B. C. The lowest or any tenders not necessarily accepted.. By Order of Hall Committee.

R H. Robertson
R. Horsal.

DIED IN VANCOUVER

Thomas W. Boyd died in Vancouveron Wednesday

The sad news reached Cumberland Thursday that Tom, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Niel Boyd, had passed to the great beyond. The young man who was well known here was working in Vancouver at his trade of cigar making, when suddenly taken ill and never recovered.

The body reached this city this marning and the funeral will take place to-morrow at 1 o'clock.

THE ISLANDER extends its sympathy to the bereaved family.

The funeral will be attended by the L. O. Y. B. L. of this city to which Order the young man belonged.

There are many who have departed loved ones laid away in the "Silent City" of the dead—it is appropriate that they should have something to mark their last resting place and that the dead may not be forgotten. Mr I. Parkinson can supply you with something to suit you in the line of a memoriam; these memoriams are made out of wood and are an imitation of the real marble tombstone, and can be supplied by Mr. Parkinson in any design and whatever inscription you may desire. They are most reasonable in price and will stand the weather a long time.

A raffle will take place at T. D. McLean's jewellery store on the evening of November 20th, at seven p.m. for a beautiful sofa pillow. Tickets may be had at Mr. McLean's and A. H. Peasley's drug store. The Pillow is handworked by a well-known lady, and is a veritable work of art.

There has been a report going round that our farms at Sandwick are for sale and that the ad appeared in the columns of the press. We take this opportunity of refuting the report. Farms 38 and 39 are not for sale, neither has an advertisement appeared to that effect.

MR. and MRS CALHOUN

Mr. and Mrs. H. Parkinson entertained a number of their friends on Friday evening at 9 o'clock, the guests sat down to a sumptuous repast, after which games were indulged in till a late hour. We are informed a most pleasant evening was spent by all. The editor regrets not being able to accept the invitation accorded to him and to partake of the many good things provided by the host and hostess.

I buy and sell Cleveland, Massey-Harris, Perfect and Crescent Bicycles, also guns, rifles and stoves. "Tommy's Bicycle Shop, 3rd Street, box 360, Cumberland, B. C.

Mrs. Simms will give pianoforte lessons at her house any time by appointment except Tuesdays. Address Camp, Cumberland. Pupils prepared for the Royal College of Music.

FOR SALE—7 room house, 1½ lot. For terms apply to Mrs. Ellen Grief Pendrith Avenue Cumberland B. C.

Dr. D. E. Kerr, dentist will visit Union Bay Oct. 25th to 28th; Comox Oct. 9th to Nov. 2nd, Courtenay Nov. 2nd to 10th; Cumberland 10th to 20th.

Change advertisements for Saturday mornings issue must be in this office not later than 10 a. m. on Thursday.

FOR SALE—The Cumberland Cafe. For particulars apply at the Cafe.

FOR SALE—Three business premises in good location on Dunsmuir Avenue. For particulars apply Mrs. A. Jones.

FOR SALE—Singer Needles and Oil at the ISLANDER Office.

The Big Store for up to date millinery A very large and handsome showing at the most moderate prices.

KIP'S PARTNER

(By Izola Forrester)

Kip's partner got cold feet, as the popular saying goes, and left Kip in the lurch. The two boys had made their way up from Portland as best they could to the land they had taken up, with nothing but youth and enthusiasm and about two hundred dollars to back them up. And it was late fall.

Billie, Kip's partner, said that made no difference. With a few slabs of bacon, plenty of corn-meal, and a good rifle, he would face any winter that ever came down from the circle. Billie was from a State university in the middle West, and all things were possible to him. He would have tackled any proposition under the light of heaven with a grin of delight. The grin was gone before the sack of meal quite gave out that first winter in the snowland.

Kip said little. He was not from any university. The two hundred had been mostly his savings, but he had lacked enthusiasm and initiative, and Billie had supplied both up to a certain point.

They had been boy chums back in Dayville, had trudged to the same village school, and later to the academy, as they called their high school down home, and then the two paths separated.

Billie went on to college, and Kip went behind his father's grocery counter, and doled out tea, sugar, and various necessities of life, while he thought of how gold-dust would really look, and if nuggets come in pockets large as loaf sugar. They were pleasant dreams, and profitable too, for Kip managed to put by his spare cash, and evenings he would dress up and go over to Billie's home.

Not that Billie was there, but he liked to sit by Billie's sister out on the veranda, and talk about Billie's progress. Dayville hoped great things from Bill. They even said some day he would go up to the capital to the Legislature; but no one expected Kip to make a biplane dash to fame.

However, Kip's ambition did not set its compass toward the Legislature.

"I'm going out West," he told Ruth those quiet evenings when Billie was at college. "I'm going to save money until I get enough to take up a government claim out in Oregon. Billie says he'd like to go, too."

"I don't think he would after he got there, Kip. He isn't just suited to roughing it."

"He says he'd like to," repeated Kip a bit doggedly. "It was always hard work getting Kip's teeth out of any proposition he had laid hold of for his own. It would do him good to put up a fight out there, and we'd win out too. There's stacks of money to be made."

"Digging for gold, do you mean, Kip?"

"No, grubbing and hard work, but you get the greatest returns in the world for what you give the soil, and the third year you're in clover. I'm going to do it, Ruth, sure. You don't think you'd ever like it out there, do you?"

It was only a boy's tentative wigwag at Eros, and it brought no response. Ruth was very certain she would never, never like it in Oregon.

But Billie jumped at the chance. Kip caught him fresh from college, when he wanted to get at the earth and have a tussle with it, when no proposition in the universe seemed too great for him to tackle. Kip added nothing to his former query, but when the express pulled out from Dayville station, after Billie had gone on into the vestibule, Kip stood out on the observation-platform, and his gray cap was off his head until the figure on the platform and the waving handkerchief were out of sight.

"I'll get her yet," he thought, as he sung back into the car, head up, lips shut tightly. "And she'll like Oregon all right when it's home to her."

The very last thing that Ruth had said to him was this:

"Be good to Billie."

This was one poignant reason why Billie was not licked to a finish several times along the trail. It was not that he lacked enthusiasm then. He was strong on enthusiasm; but when it came to detail Bill preferred drawing plans and specifications of the general plot.

They took up the claim. It was well located, and had plenty of fine timber and water power. Kip figured that the timber alone would pay the expenses of developing the agricultural section of their land.

"But you need horses and lumber, drags, and men to work a steam-mill," Billie protested. "Kip, I think myself were in wrong boy. It's a pretty heavy deal."

"When you're sick of it, Bill, you can quit, you know. There's no one sitting on your back. I've come to stay."

And he stayed. Billie stood it till the spring break-up, and when navigation opened Bill went down the river blithely and with much relief, and bought a ticket back home.

"I can be of more assistance there than here, Kip," he had said. "You see, I've made a mistake, and I've got a big enough view-point to see it and to say so. I'm not a lumberman, and I want to get where I'll meet the higher issues."

"Certainly," agreed Kip gravely. "And the sooner you beat it back to the higher issues, Bill, the better it will be all around."

"I can wire father to send enough for your fare, too, Kip, if you feel that way."

"Thanks. I'll stick, I guess. I like the climate," grinned Kip.

"Well, I'll send you back money to start things right, and do my part that way, and when things are going along I can run out and manage the business end of it for you, Kip."

"Certainly, Bill," said Kip again cheerfully; for he knew Billie—or thought he did.

At first Billie did not write. Kip grew worried, and wrote to Ruth, and Billie answered. After that he wrote regularly.

Billie was doing well, for he had office position with the country treasurer, and was studying law. He dabbled in local politics a little. In one letter Billie enclosed not only his best wishes, but also a money order for a hundred dollars to help out on the partnership.

Kip whistled softly as he read that typewritten letter down in the little post-office at Queed, the nearest town, thirty miles from his place. He cashed the money-order, and took a fresh start, both in business and his opinion of Billie.

That was the beginning. Afterward the money-orders came regularly, some more, some less, but they came, which was the main thing. And Kip worked like a beaver, clearing land, pulling stumps, and planting. He picked up two Frenchmen from Winnipeg who could sling axes as a fine art and knew the lumber game.

The second year Kip began to dream. He wrote to Billie about it, and asked his advice—asked if he thought Ruth would follow the trail of love to the wilderness with a certain party named Kip Clemmons.

Bill allowed she would; but, then, Bill was ever optimistic and Kip used salt on the statement judiciously. Yet he dreamed, and at odd times he improved the one-room log-shack, and made it three rooms. Also, he put up a rough bunkhouse for the workmen farther up in the forest.

And through it all his heart warmed toward Billie, faithful, untiring old Bill, who had worked at the other end and supplied the sinews of war. The reward was there, waiting, when he cared t show up and claim it. The timber had put thousands in the Portland bank, and steadily the land down in the valley was being cleared.

Another two years would find them with more money than even Billie had hoped for. Of that Kip was positive. He would sit out in front of the shack warm summer nights, his chair tilted back against the log wall, and look out over the moonlight-drenched valley and the great line of mountains that held it in their arms, and it is fair to say that Kip saw visions.

One favorite was old Bill's face when he came up, and they settled accounts. The other was the look in Ruth's eyes the first time he kissed her. They were both pleasant to linger over.

Sometimes the short brier pipe would slip from Kip's fingers and he would fall asleep, smiling over them. If all went well, by spring he could send for her. If she refused to come, he would go down after her, but he would win her. Kip's teeth set hard on the stem of the brierwood when he came to that point in his dreaming. He would win her.

The log jam in the river broke up early, about the time Kip started in marking his calendar. In April he would write to her, he said, when the woods began to fill with spring flowers, and the ferns uncurled their fronds in every thicket.

In March they dragged Kip out of the river above the rapids, crushed and battered from his fight with the great logs. He had slipped backward from one that turned as he stepped on it.

"Never mind, boys," he told his men, when his senses returned. "My partner'll come up and finish what I've started. Just get a wire from Queed down to Billie Moran, Dayville, Indiana, and watch results."

They sent the telegram off and waited, while Kip lay helpless on the cot beside the west window, the window that looked down the pass toward Queed, thirty miles away. Bill would have to come that way.

"Have to give him a chance to close up his business down home," Kip had said with a grin. "He's a large splash on the local map. There was talk even when I left of his going to the Legislature some day. Pretty good, isn't it, to have a side pal like that when you're down and out?"

No word came in response to the telegram. Kip said that made no difference. Bill would be his own response. There had been no chance to mistake the urgency of the case. The message had said:

"Smashed in log jam. Crippled. Come at once.

He had the boys light a lantern, a red one, and hang it on the side of the cabin nights so that any stranger coming up the trail could not fail to see it. And he slept by the open window, waiting.

Then, one night, he had his reward. There was a new moon, hung over the pass like a silver question-mark, with one lone star just below its lower horn. Kip could not sleep. The surgeon whom the men had brought up from Queed had said he would pull through.

He might walk with a crutch for three months, but patience would do the trick. He would not be a cripple. Kip looked gratefully up at the silver question-mark as he thought of that. He was mighty glad.

Suddenly Kip quivered with attention. He caught the sound of horses down the trail, and called out to the two Canadians who had bunked with him since the accident:

"It's Bill!" The men were almost as excited as Kip.

"Good old Bill," Kip muttered, lying with clenched hands and tense, happy face.

"Why don't he let out a yell? Light the lamp, boys. I want to see his face."

He tried to turn on one side in order to see the door, as they tumbled out, still half asleep. There came the sound of voices outside, confused, half muffled and the door was pushed back suddenly.

"Kip! Kip! where are you?"

Kip was speechless. He stared at the figure standing there in the dim lamp light, the riding cloak thrown back from her shoulders, her fair hair blown and curly about her dear face. Before he could get his voice back she had found him and was kneeling at his side, her cheek pressed to his, her arms around him, and he felt her tears on his face.

"I didn't know whether I'd find you alive, Kip," she faltered, "but I came just as soon as I could."

"You came"—his eyes looked at her hungrily—"all the way out from home to me? Why don't Billie come in? Isn't he here, too?"

She heritated, smiled and flushed.

"I came alone, Kip. Billie's in the East."

"In the East? Where? When did he go?"

"Just after he got home from here. He's in New York. We don't hear from him very often."

"Don't you?" said Kip grimly. "I've been hearing from him every week for a year and a half, Ruth. He's stood by me in the fight up here as no partner ever did, and his letters have kept my nerve up when things looked mighty black."

"Kip," she whispered, "don't scold me for deceiving you, but as a matter of fact I wrote the letters, and I sent the money I had in the bank. I did not need it a bit, Kip, and you did."

Kip tried to show his protest and his surprise, but Ruth went on with her explanation.

"Billie went away and left you alone here and I—I—well, I was interested, and I wanted you to win, don't you understand? So I wrote the letters in his name, and I sent the money in his name, because I knew you'd refuse it if you thought it came from me.

"I think I must write a very manly, practical letter, or you would have discovered me."

"They were the cheeriest, bulliest letters a man ever got," Kip exclaimed, holding her back from him, so he could see her face.

"We'll be married tomorrow, my partner girl. Just tell the boys to send that man who brought you up tonight, for a minister from Queed, and we'll make this partnership binding."

"All right, partner."

To Kip's happy surprise she briskly left the room and carried out his suggestion.

"Did you really tell him?" Kip asked on her return.

"Of course I did. I'm just as crazy about you as you are about me."

Ruth laughed and drew off her gloves.

NEVER TOO OLD TO WED

The bells of the little village of Keevil, in Wiltshire, rang out recently for two old-age pensioners who were lovers fifty years ago, and were married after being married twice before. The old man had gone to the village post-office for his old-age pension, but could not sign his order, and an old lady who was also in the office came to his assistance. His name was familiar to her, and when the next pension day had come round the two old people compared notes, and discovered that they had been lovers fifty years ago. Each had married twice since then, and now they are married again for the third time—to each other.

A remarkable scene took place at the Wesleyan Central Hall, Rochester, some little time ago, when William Hennan, who has the distinction of being the oldest post-boy in England, led Fanny Wadhams to the altar. Mr. Hennan looked quite sprightly, in spite of his ninety-four years. Indeed, he may be said to have looked no older than his bride, though she had the advantage of fourteen years over him, being just turned eighty.

Perhaps the most remarkable instance of youth and age joining in matrimony occurred quite lately at Brighton. This bracing town has the This bracing town has the honor of sheltering many very old people, and among others is Mr. James Doughty, the oldest clown in England. He is still fond of surprising his friends, for, though he is ninetp-three years of age, and lost his first wife a short time since, he has married his housekeeper, a young lady of no more than twenty-four years.

The papers lately recorded the marriage of a certain vicar, whom they described as nearer ninety than eighty pears of age. He had vacated his incumbency two years ago owing to his advancing age, but he did not find himself too old for wedlock. The marriage register gave the age of the bride as thirty-five and that of the bridegroom as "full."

When December mates with May, one naturally expects the month of snow to be represented by the bridegroom and the month of blossoms by the bride. But that the roles are occasionally reversed was proved a short time ago, when a marriage, in which a lady of sixty-eight summers had made a husband of a young man of twenty-two, was dissolved in the Divorce Court. But the records of Cupid contain even more remarkable unions than this. As long ago as 1769 we read of "a woman of Rotherhithe, aged seventy, marrying a man of twenty-three," and of a widow of sixty-four leading to the altar a youth of eighteen, whose fickle heart she had wrested from her own daughter.

IF DREAMS CAME TRUE

If dreams came true, if dreams came true,
What would it mean, for me, for you?

Days full of joy, no work, no school;
The swimming-hole, fish in the pool;
Dolls playing house beneath a tree—
This it would mean, for you, for me.

A summer night, the moon on high,
A maiden fair, a lover nigh,
A hammock swung beneath a tree—
This it would mean, for you, for me.

Friends not a few, success in life;
A husband true, a charming wife;
Wee, smiling faces two or three—
This it would mean, for you, for me.

Days full of joy, no work, all rest;
An easy chair, a book the best:
A fireside couch, a cup of tea—
This it would mean, for you, for me.

If dreams came true, if dreams came true,
This it would mean, for me, for you!
—E. Marriner.

HOME RECIPES

Spiced Baked Apples:Core six large tart apples and fill the cavities with a mixture of ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons cracker crumbs, 2 tablespoons water, ½ teaspoonful each of cloves, allspice and cinnamon. Bake in a quick oven with a little water in the pan. To vary the dish you may stuff the apples with cracker crumbs, brown sugar, a little butter and nutmeg.

Plum Chutney:—3 lbs. plums, 1 lb. apples, 1 lb. sugar, 1 pint good vinegar, 2 ozs. green ginger root, salt and cloves to taste; also Cayenne pepper and 2 large onions. Mince all together and boil 2 hours slowly. Green tomatoes or quinces may be used instead of plums.

Mixed Pickles:1 qt. cucumbers (very small), 1 qt. chopped green tomatoes, 1 qt. onions, 1 stalk celery, 1 pepper. Cut these all in small pieces, cover with 1 cup salt and let stand over night. In the morning drain off the liquor, then scald, just covering with a mixture of half water, half vinegar, pour off this, cover again with vinegar, add as much sugar as you like, and a cheese-cloth bag containing 1 teaspoon each of allspice, cloves, mace and cinnamon. Cook 20 minutes.

Pickled Onions:—Choose small onions of equal size; soak them 24 hours in strong cold brine, then drain and dry thoroughly. Put them in jars. Heat to boiling point enough vinegar to cover them, scalding with it mixed whole cloves, mace and pepper corns. Cool the vinegar and pour it over the onions. The second and third days pour off the vinegar, scald it, and return it to the jars after it has become cool, then seal the jars.

TALL OAK; LITTLE ACORN

H. C. Frick, retiring as a director from the Union Pacific Railroad, is conservatively estimated to be worth considerably more than $100,000,000, though he began life as a clerk for his grandfather, a flour merchant and distiller. One small success led to another, and he entered the coke business in a small way, finally becoming chairman of the board of directors of the H. C. Frick Coke Company, the largest in the world, a position which he still holds. His connection with the steel magnates also enriched him, and prior to his break with Carnegie he was one of the most trusted lieutenants of the Scottish ironmaster.

INDIVIDUALITIES

Sir Robert Bucknell, mayor of Oxford, England, has arrived in the United States to study American institutions, principally the commission form of government. He is particularly interested in the manner in which Dallas, Texas, is governed, and will make an exhaustive study of that city.

Sheik Hassan Ben Ali, chief of the Berber tribes in Morocco, who has just landed in this country, is a man of such advanced ideas that he intends to purchase an aeroplane to take home with him. Two of the Berbers who came with Ben Ali will be sent to an aviation school.

Leclero de Pulligny, chief engineer of the bridges and roads of France, comes to New York soon as head of a mission to study industrial, technical, and commercial methods in the United States. This will be the first mission founded abroad under the law adopted in 1906 authorizing them, as the necessary appropriations were not granted until recently.

John Ade, who, at the age of eighty-two, has written a book, is the father of George Ade, the humorist and playwright. He settled in Indiana in 1853, and has devoted himself to farming ever since. As a pioneer he underwent many hardships, but by persistent effort developed a farm and made money. The book deals chiefly with men and measures of Newton County during a period of almost sixty years.

WHEN HEAT HOLDS SWAY

While the hot period of July in New York this year was more severe than usual, the deaths of work horses due to the heat during the six days that heat held full sway is a very strong argument in favor of the electric commercial wagon and equally strong for better care for the horses.

The health department of New York City, which has the task of removing dead horses, reported that during the six working days of the hot period 171 horses died each day—a total of 1,026.

These horses represented over half a million dollars cash value, which was entirely wiped out in a single week.

In addition to this, the horses not affected fatally were able to work at scarcely half their normal capacity, and fully 25 per cent. of the drivers' time was consumed in staving off sun-stroke by frequent applications of water and frequent rests in the shade.

It is estimated that the money represented by the horses which died would pay for a sufficient number of electric vehicles to do all the work done by the horses, and do it more efficiently and economically.

In New York City, where it is estimated that there are in the neighborhood of fifty thousand draft horses, not less than four per cent. die annually from the effect of heat in summer and slippery pavements in winter. This million-dollar annual loss is in addition to the normal deaths, and represents a tremendous increase in the cost of horse haulage.

NO SPONTANEOUS LIFE

From earliest times there has persisted the idea that plants or animals may arise "spontaneously" from non-living matter, notwithstanding the common experience of mankind that wherever the origin of a living thing could actually be observed, it was seen to arise from another living thing. This widespread belief in "spontaneous generation" no doubt owed its tenacity to the fact that in many cases the continuity between generations could not be directly observed. For example: Eggs of eels had never been seen until within our own times; maggots were known to develop in putrifying meat, but no one had seen the flies deposit their eggs in the meat; the presence of tape-worms and other parasites within the bodies of human beings and other animals; the presence of insects within the "galls" of plants, without any apparent means of entrance—all these facts served to perpetuate the idea that life can, and regularly does, arise spontaneously. The idea that all organisms arise from pre-existing organisms is a comparatively modern one; and it was accepted on philosophical grounds long before there was any actual demonstration of the principle. From the nature of the case, however, the principle omne vivum e vivo cannot be proven, since it involves a negative. It is equivalent to the statement that living matter does not arise from non-living matter. In the seventeenth century Francisco Redi, a physician of Florence, showed that by preventing the access of insects to meat, no grubs or maggots could be formed in it, no matter how much it putrefied. In opposition to these experiments, a Scottish clergyman named Needham attempted in the middle of the following century to show by means of experiments that "wheat-eels" and other animals do arise spontaneously. He showed incidentally that tiny animalcules appeared in extracts of vegetable matter, on long standing, even after these had been boiled. But his contemporary, the Italian monk Spallanzani, showed that if the decoctions were thoroughly boiled and closed against the entrance of dust, there would be no appearance of life. Although Spallanzani's experiments were not beyond criticism, his conclusions were in harmony with those accepted by practically all biologists today—namely, that all existing plants and animals have originated from others of essentially the same kind.

FOUR-FOOTED SWIMMERS

Swimming the Channel was, until Burgess repeated the feat, strictly confined to the late Captain Webb—and fishes—but their record would soon be beaten if certain animals decided to go into training for the swim. Animals on the whole are better swimmers than man, for most animals take naturally to the water, while mankind has to learn to swim.

Most people know that the rhinoceros and hippopotamus are excellent swimmers and divers, but few, in England at any rate, know that the elephant runs them very close.

In India, elephants, for a month on end, swim from one side of broad rivers to the other, carrying pretty heavy loads. Often they will remain in the water for hours, and it is more than likely that if Mr. Eliphant had to swim the Channel he could do it.

Elks and reindeer are first-class swimmers. The elk holds his head well out of the water, and thinks nothing of swimming lakes instead of making a long detour. The reindeer is not such an imposing sight as the elk when swimming, for he only raises his head slightly above the surface.

Of all four-footed animals, however, there is no better swimmer than the polar bear. He spends half his time in the water, swimming in the most powerful fashion.

The swimming powers of the polar bear are all the more remarkable when it is considered that his swims are in the coldest water, the worst enemy to good swimming. It is on record that these animals have travelled thirty to forty miles through the sea without a rest, a performance more than ample to justify their attempting the twenty-one miles between Calais and Dover.

One of the most curious swimmers, and one of the fastest, too, is the squirrel. A sportsman, who had seen wild squirrels jump into a river and swim across, tried an experiment on one born in captivity, and which had never been near water. He took it out on a broad lake and dropped it overboard. So fast did the animal make for the shore, however, that it was only with the greatest difficulty it was overtaken before getting there.

A squirrel swims with its head and shoulders above the surface, the back and tail being sunk deep in the water.

WINDOW DRAPERIES

In window draperies, as in everything else about house furnishing, good taste counts for more, far more than expense, and in this connection we must tell you about a window effect that one girl achieved by the exercise of a little ingenuity. She was furnishing a room—a "Japanesy" room, she called it—on very little money, and as the room had a northern exposure and was none too bright at best, she had decided upon a dull light yellow as the predominant tone. Japanese matting did excellently for the floor, but the windows were the bete noir. She did not want them to look common, but how to have them uncommon with the funds at her disposal was the question. Figured muslin might have suited, but the walls were flowered, so that was ruled out.

Finally a bright idea came. Crinkly material would be decidedly Japanesy; cheese cloth was cheap; cheese cloth might be crinkled. Eureka! And she set to work. First, after cutting and hemming, she dyed the material yellow with ochre, but instead of wringing it out of the dye anyhow she took pains to wring it lengthwise, so as to keep the crinkles all running the one way. The curtains were then hung to dry in a place where no wind could beat them straight, and when dry they were found to be all that was desired. In many a room, perhaps, they would have looked out of place, but in this one with its matting-covered floor, its flowered walls, rush furniture, and a few fans and jardinieres and Japanese prints, they proved to be the very thing. This may be a suggestion: let the curtains suit the character of the room, whatever that may be. The matter may require a little study, but results will make it worth while.

SALTING THE NEWLY BORN BABY

A curious custom obtains in Asia and in some parts of Europe, which may be described as "salting the newly born."

Those who favor this custom believe that evil spirits are driven away by salt, and that if salted the child is strengthened for life.

The Russian Armenians entirely cover the bare skin of the child with fine salt, leaving the victim in pickle at least three hours. Afterward the body is washed in warm water.

In parts of Asia Minor the new-born child is placed in brine and left there for twenty-four hours. Certain tribes of Greece powder their children with salt, and the same custom is in use in parts of Germany.

A DEADLY VAPOR

The explosion of vessels carrying petroleum frequently occurs, and this is generally caused not by the cargoes of oil which they contain, but by the inflammable vapor which is left behind after the huge tanks of the ships have been emptied.

It is difficult to remove all the oil that adheres to the sides of the tank, and the evaporation of the oily film left in them after they have been pumped out takes place with great rapidity. Moreover, the vapor thus formed mingles readily with the air, and is capable of rendering more than two thousand times its own volume of the latter inflammable. A spark may thus cause a fearful explosion in the hold of a ship that is apparently empty.

A film of petroleum spreading over the surface of the water has been known to produce enough of this volatile and dangerous vapor to cause a conflagration by which a number of ships lying in a harbor have been suddenly enwrapped in roaring flames as if by a stroke of magic.

In some parts of the world, as at Baku, the centre of the Russian petroleum trade, a film of oil continually covers the water for a considerable distance from shore, and warnings of the danger lurking there have more than once been given.

SUBMARINES AND AEROPLANES

Some very interesting experiments have just been carried out in Cherbourg, to test the capabilities of an aeroplane in detecting and locating submarine craft. The aviator who flew the machine in these tests was Aubrun, the well-known champion, who volunteered to give his services, saying that he was convinced that he could sight a submarine even when submerged at some depth in the water. The machine he used was a Deperdussin. A series of experiments was organized in which two torpedo boats and two submarines took part, as well as a steam tug designed to take the aeroplane. All the trials took place on one day, with a light wind and calm sea, and comprised two different sets of experiments. In the first set, the aviator was told the approximate location of the submarines. Aubrun had no difficulty whatever in locating the first submarine, which was partly out of the water. On the approach of the aeroplane it plunged and disappeared. The aviator then went in search of the second submarine and located it under water at a distance of about two miles from the first. During these trials, which took place about three miles out at sea, Aubrun rose first to 500 feet and then flew at a thousand to twelve hundred feet. The second trial was more difficult, but lead to complete success. In this case no indication whatever was given as to the location of the submarines, which were submerged under water. Aubrun made a fresh start from the ground and then rose to a height of about one thousand feet, sailing in large circles of 1,500 to 1,800 feet diameter over the sea. The sun was very low by this time, making it harder to view the sea bottom. Before long Aubrun discovered the light reflected from a periscope, and after that it was a comparatively easy matter to locate the submarine, which appeared as a black mass moving at about 20 feet depth. Aubrun then returned to the ground after having been up about 20 minutes. It appears to be now beyond question that an aeroplane flying as high at 3,000 feet from the earth can detect a submarine, while on the other hand the periscope of a submarine will not give a recognizable image of a flying machine at more than 1,500 feet. However, it is not altogether an easy matter to locate a submarine when the aeroplane is flying high, and the pilot must be specially trained for this work. In view of the very favorable results obtained so far it is intended to continue the trials which have been begun. For the purpose of locating submarines and torpedo boats probably a rather slow aeroplane flying at about 50 miles an hour is quite sufficient. On the other hand for scouting purposes a very rapid flyer is needed. What is particularly wanted at the present juncture is a set of manoeuvres in searching for submarines lying at a depth of 60 to 100 feet under water, the aeroplane flying at different heights, and under conditions both of still water and rough seas. Floating mines also are to be searched for, and combined manoeuvres, in which battleships, torpedoes, submarines and aeroplanes take part should form part of the programme. When the aviator has discovered a submarine, he discloses its location to a torpedo boat by dropping a buoy into the water.

THE POPULATION OF LONDON

According to the latest census returns for the administrative county of London, the total population for Greater London is 7,252,963. The area of the administrative county of London is 116.8 square miles. The area of Greater London, which includes all parishes within eleven miles of Charing Cross, is 693 square miles. In 1910, the five boroughs of New York had only 4,776,883, although the population is now estimated at more than five million.

INDIVIDUALITIES

General Cincinnatus Leconte, who headed the larger of the two revolutionary factions that overthrew President Simon of Haiti, and succeeded to the presidency of that restless island, is a lawyer, aged forty-one years. He was driven into exile by General Simon when the latter led the successful revolution against President Nord Alexis. From Kingston, Jamaica, whither he fled, he began intriguing against Simon.

James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture of the United States since 1897, who recently celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday, has held his portfolio longer than any other Cabinet officer in the history of the government. Secretary Wilson was born August 16, 1835, in Ayrshire, Scotland, going to America with his parents at the age of sixteen. The family settled in Connecticut. He went to Iowa in 1855, and began farming in 1861. After serving as a member of the Iowa assembly he went to Congress, 1873-7.

Dr. George Chalmers Richmond, who has drawn public attention to himself by his pulpit utterances concerning the approaching Astor-Force wedding, comes of Presbyterian stock, his paternal grandfather, Hugh Richmond, having come from Scotland to Thompsonville, Connecticut, where he was one of the founders of the Presbyterian church of that place. Dr. Richmond was born in Springfield, Massachusetts, but later the family moved to Easthampton, where he attended Williston Seminary. He is a Yale graduate, and is now rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, Philadelphia.

"What is woman?" asked the speaker at a public meeting.

"Woman," replied a man in the audience—a married man—"is an animate being, with the power of speech abnormally developed, and entirely surrounded by a dress that buttons up the back."

Her Skin Was Yellow

"I had only to try Dr. Hamilton's Pills to appreciate their merit," writes Miss Annie S. Bryce, of Woodstock. "My system was out of order. My blood was weak and thin. I had a nasty, murky complexion. My skin was hard and dry. The first box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills made a complete change. I felt better at once. Healthy color came into my face. In about three weeks I was cured." Dr. Hamilton's Pills effect an easy cure. Try these good pills, 25c per box, or five boxes for $1.00, at all dealers.

THE NEW BISMARCK

Von Kinderlen-Waechter, acclaimed "The New Bismarck," is not of noble birth, but is a scholarly, industrious man, bold and ostentatiously contemptuous of others' views, who has won his position by merit and indomitable courage. He was born in 1852, his father being director of a Stuttgart bank. As the result of the marriage of his father to a noble lady—Waechter—the family adopted the name as it now stands. Young Kinderlen fought in the war of 1870-71, afterward entering Tubingen University. He has been secretary of the embassy at St. Petersburg and in Paris and councillor of embassy at Constantinople. In 1909 he first appeared in the Reichstag, where his maiden speech was greeted with laughter.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

The man who makes history must be trying to encourage the book agents.

The girl who can't cook should keep out of the matrimonial frying pan.

Men have no idea what funny ideas women harbor until they get married.

When a young man is walking with a girl and meets a minister in front of a church, it is his cue to start his thought generator.

Inject common sense into a love affair and often it will die a natural death.

A girl may frankly admit that another man kissed her, but she always adds that it was on the cheek or forehead.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief--Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion—improve the complexion—brighten the eyes. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

USE ABSORBINE, JR. LINIMENT FOR IT

Swollen Varicose Veins Painful, Knotted, Tortuous, Ulcerated, Ruptured, Bad Legs, Milk Leg, Thrombosis, Elephantiasis. It takes out the inflammation, soreness and discoloration; relieves the pain and tiredness; reduces the swelling, gradually restoring part to normal strength and appearance. ABSORBINE, JR., is a mild, safe, pleasant antiseptic liniment, healing and soothing. Severe cases where veins have ulcerated and broken have been completely and permanently cured. First few applications of ABSORBINE, JR., will give relief and prove its merit. $1.00 and $2.00 per bottle at druggists or delivered. Detailed directions, reports on recent cases and Book 6 G free on request.

W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 299 Lymans Bldg., Montreal, Can.

Also furnished by Martin Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg; the National Drug and Chemical Co., Winnipeg & Calgary; Ed Henderson Bros. Co. Ltd., Vancouver

Well, Well!

THIS is a HOME DYE that ANYONE can use

I dyed ALL these DIFFERENT KINDS of Goods with the SAME Dye. I used

DY-O-LA

ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

CLEAN and SIMPLE to Use.

NO chance of using the WRONG Dye for the Goods one has to color. All colors from your Druggist or Dealer. FREE Color Card and STORY Booklet 16. The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal.

Success Business College

Cor. Portage Ave. and Edmonton St.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Courses — Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typewriting & English

Fall term now open. Enter any time. We assist our students in securing good positions.

Write to-day for large free catalogue

F. G. GARBUTT, President — G. E. WIGGINS, Principal

The Rocking Chair

IN the afternoon they came unto a land,
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream."

When Tennyson wrote this he had most surely just visited Victoria and chose Vancouver Island as the Happyland of his Lotos Eaters. It is their descendants who inhabit Victoria to this day.

"They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, of wife, and slave; but evermore
Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, 'We will return no more;'
And all at once they sang, 'Our island home
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam.'"

Nothing could be more descriptive of the city or its people. The most impressive thing about the whole place is the extreme weariness of everything, the very air is too weary to move and lies stagnant and oppressive. The people are too weary to be polite and lack energy enough to tidy up the town. With every natural advantage and a balmy climate, Victoria might be a paradise, but the old-timers have been so averse to labor and so content to remain in their lotos-sleep that the whole place looks like a shiftless, untidy village, instead of the city it ought to be. The Government buildings and grounds are very beautiful, but then, of course, all the province of British Columbia is responsible for that, and Victoria cannot take the credit. The newcomers are doing their best to wake the town up and to put it in the same century as the rest of Canada, but it is an uphill task. The habit of thought of the old-timers is a hundred years behind the times, and they have not yet realized the necessity of waking up. Their inoculence has allowed the fisheries and market gardening to pass into the almost absolute control of the Indians and the Orientals.

In modern America work starts at 7 a.m., but not so in Victoria. Here the workmen start work at 8 o'clock and leisurely put in the day.

Women who desire an out-door life could make a splendid living on Vancouver Island growing vegetables and fruit for the towns. It would be an ideal existence, as everything seems anxious to grow and very little labor would be required to produce fruit and vegetables of the finest quality. There are some fine market gardens owned by Chinamen, who appear to be the only industrious people in the place, but so far as the white population is concerned flowers, shrubs, fruits and vegetables thrive in spite of neglect.

On Vancouver Island Nature has been so lavish with her gifts that there is danger of the people falling below the standard of the rest of Canada; and in order to preserve the thrifty, energetic Canadian type, it would be a good thing for the Victorians if some catastrophe would occur which would oblige them to wake up and hustle a bit for their living. A community of indolent people is not Canada's ideal.

We have heard so much in Winnipeg about the excellence of the Empress Hotel of Victoria that we have come to regard our own Royal Alexandra as a mere way-side inn, but this is another illusion. The garish over-ornamentation of the "Empress" is distinctly vulgar in comparison with the artistic dignity of the Royal Alexandra. The dining room of the "Empress" depresses and irritates one by its superfluity of decoration, while the service at meals is so amateurish as to be a joke. The waiters retire into quiet corners and nap between courses and if you want a piece of butter or a glass of water you have to ask at least four times before any notice is taken of your request.

If Victorians ever do wake up to the great possibilities lying thick about them, they may make Victoria the finest and most beautiful city of America and a paradise on earth.

* * *

While in Victoria I came across a little book of "Verse from a Western Isle," by Mr. Frederic Philips, of whom, I am ashamed to say, I never heard before. All his verse breathes of the languid Pacific air and the sleepy island; it is a native of the soil, being published by Thos. R. Cusack, Victoria. The first poem in the book, "A Western Isle," gives an exact picture of Vancouver Island.

"An Isle there is upon a western shore,
Yet sheltered from the ocean's rage and storm,
With *many sister isles encompassed*,
So that unknown is there the sea's dull roar.

* * *

"Dark are its firwoods, steeped in golden light,
Clear are its bays, which scarce the wind may kiss,
As singing o'er the heights with dying force,
Caught in the tree tops, here they end their flight.

* * *

"Here Nature spills her joys with lavish care,
Making a summer under winter's frown,
As playful daughters tease their surly sires,
Taking rebuke with laughing, saucy air.

* * *

"Here the sun's fiercest ray so tempered is
With *soft, cool breezes from the placid wave*,
Or filtered through the boughs of orchard trees,
That none may take his heat and power amiss.

* * *

"Here man may dwell and reap the grateful fruits
Of pleasant toil that strengthens and rewards.
The night to sleep, the dawn invites to rise
And labor as the varied season suits.

* * *

"Fish, flesh, and fowl, the hills and lakes provide;
The hunter heavy with their spoil may turn,
His goal some simple orchar-hidden home;
Nor will the sea his angling skill deride.

* * *

"And many waters mirror heaven's face,
And one may wander far in forest isles
Where the tree-columns bear the fretted roof,
And now in shadow, now in light may pace.

* * *

"Till climbing upward reach some jutting peak,
And view the world in Sabbath stillness steeped,
And listen for the *singing of the winds*
That wander ever round in restless freak."

* * *

In spite of a few peculiarities Vancouver Island is a heavenly spot. One could no doubt in time become inured to the queer lifeless air, which seems devoid of the tonic qualities to which our Manitoba lungs are accustomed. Only in the spruce woods would we *get a full-lunged, invigorating* breath, and we missed our blood-stirring prairie wind, for here there is no motion in the air and wind is unknown.

The person who desires a life of indolence, eating and drinking of the best in creation, should settle on Vancouver Island. The woods are full of game and native fruits, fish of all kinds swarm in both fresh and salt water; and we *have heard that very fine potatoes can* be produced on the island; but so far it is merely a matter of faith with us, as we have not yet seen anything on either the island, or the mainland, that would be considered worth calling a potato in Manitoba.

We fondly imagined that when once we reached this land of fruit, we should be able to make up for all our lean and fruitless years in Manitoba, but once more we were doomed to disillusionment. We know that good fruit can be grown in B.C., for we have bought it at home, but right in far away Winnipeg, with its good long winter, we can buy much better and very much cheaper fruit than in B.C.

In motoring through the suburbs of Victoria we were often startled by quail and pheasants leisurely crossing the road, right in front of the car. Game is so plentiful that no great rush is needed to secure it and the pheasants, never having been hurried, refused to be excited by a motor-car. True Victorians, the wheels of progress are nothing to them.

Early in the summer Agnes Laut wrote an article for an American weekly in which she pointed out to the Americans the absurdity of rushing madly abroad in search of wonders and scenery and ignoring their own country. The same applies equally well to Canadians. Off the beaten line of travel, in by-ways aside from the railway, scenery and people can be found as un-Canadian and "different" as though it were a strange land. Our cosmopolitan population, with their peculiar customs and language, give much the same variety that can be got in foreign travel, and it is a fine thing to be familiar with one's own country. British Columbia is the wonder province of Canada and to any one in search of variety and adventure, it is a perfect gold mine.

In school days it was always impressed upon us that bold and rugged country, combined with soft and gentle nooks produced the finest men. "The mountain and the flood" are supposed to be responsible for the brawn and muscle, while the contrast of wild and rugged landscape with the soft beauty of the valleys fires the imagination and produces the poet and the painter. If this be true British Columbia will have the lion's share for Canada, and we may look there for giants, mental as well as physical. Already the physical giant has appeared in great numbers; and it will be hard for any mere poet to sing more beautifully of his beloved province than does Mr. Philips in "The Lake." I can give only a few excerpts:

"Hark, that small song!
The reed-wren pipes his lay.
Cheery he dwells,
Nor bodes he that dark day
When icy Winter's blast
Shall bid all Nature stay."

And *this, with its musical* second line. It sings itself.

"See where the mere-hen by yon golden cup,
A-lated lily lingering last alone,
With furtive glance sinks to the bead, and now
A circling eddy leaves, as when some trout
With dainty care sucks down the careless gnat.
With plashes now the small trout stir the lake,
First to the feast, they eager are to snatch
And taste each fly, ere the great fish shall wake
With lightning rush, and many a sullen swirl,
To drive them from their delicate sweet food."

* * *

"The pied ducks skim the lake with feverish wing,
And now from fern-clad slopes of tawny hue
That rise to meet the cool, grey, mossy rock,
The stately pheasant flings his double note
In bold defiance to the listening air,
And blue-jays chatter as they haunt the wood."

* * *

Everywhere in British Columbia the fish is so delicious and so daintily served that we have eaten fish three times *a day and are* in great danger of developing fins, gills and scales. Good bread is the rule everywhere; from the most top-lofty hotels of the coast to the most primitive road-houses have we encountered the awful mixture known to the Winnipeg bakers as bread. Everywhere along the road, in far away villages and camps, we have heard of the badness *of Winnipeg bread until it* appears to me that it would be good policy on the part of the immigration officials to either put the Winnipeg bakers out of business or else import some real baker and engage him to show them how to make bread fit to eat. Our home looks pretty good to us, but the thought of going back to that bread makes us hesitate about returning.

* * *

Of late years the whole civilized world has been greatly concerned over the education of the child. We have awakened all at once to the unsatisfactory results obtained by the old school methods of education, which filled the child's mind with a lot of useless and undigested facts, but failed to develop his faculties to the fullest degree. Charles Erskine Scott Wood describes *our present state as we will* no doubt appear to posterity a hundred years from now. "After some thousands of years we still retain kingships and kowtow to birth, medals and uniforms. Worse, we retain all those special privileges which make Kings and Classes. We worship the drones of the hive, which in burnished steel support them. The hero is still the soldier. We have not attained to the first perception of education. *True education is to let* the human plant grow; to give it all of sun and air; to remove obstructions and leave it free. We toss our children into a hopper by the millions and force them into certain *moulds; we teach* them to reverence authority, discipline and all which makes against Freedom. We cram them with a dead-and-past learning; we teach a reverence for the 'Ancestors' worse than Confucian, and are blind *to the Living;* we make them afraid of being original or bold; they are early put into fetters to society, to convention, to "What will people say?" When will children have a school which *opens the world to* them as a fresh book. Which says: Read for yourself, think for yourself. Which encourages free thinking, bold thinking, and does not damn it. Which lets each little plant scramble for itself in the search *for air and* sunlight and sets no reward for this or condemnation for that achievement.

"Our schools and our ideas of education are almost as backward *as our penitentiaries* and our ideas of crime."

* * *

BEAUTY AND WEALTH

The world has known few wiser men than Socrates, and none less dependent on outward circumstances or more indifferent to outward rewards. He was *one of the noble* company of those who serve men by leading them, and who bear their fortunes in themselves; to whom the ills of life bring no pain, and who are delivered from the fear of *death. Most* of us reckon success in terms of money or reputation; he counted success in terms of growth. Most of us reckon prosperity by possessions; he knew that the pursuit and practice of truth are the only evidences *of real* prosperity. His ugliness of feature and ungainliness of form would have been a great trial to most men, and especially in a country in which harmony of face and figure *were counted among the rarest gifts* of the gods. His bust as it stands among the busts of his illustrious contemporaries looks like a comic mask, so grotesque is it. Beside Pericles, in whose harmony, grace, and dignity of bearing the genius of Athens was personified, Socrates looked like a victim of Olympian malice.

But to the wise the worst things have their higher uses, *and Socrates turned his striking* ugliness to the best account. He treated it humorously, and adroitly made it serve the purposes of contrast. It was the badly made case in which the images of virtue, wisdom, steadfastness, and kindness were stored. It sent the glances of his disciples and hearers inward, and behind the mask they found a noble countenance; for, while the face is a matter of physical structure, *flesh, and features, the countenance is the expression* with which the soul illumines and radiates it, the shining through of the spirit of the man. His ugliness made Socrates more fervent in his devotion to beauty and more eager in his search of its secret. He believed so deeply in the goodness of the gods that he refused to accept ugliness as his unescapable fate. Since beauty was the highest form of *being, it must be within reach of all who made life a true* service of the gods.

This thought of the ultimate harmony lay at the very base of his view of life, and to attain the inward beauty was his earnest prayer. "Grant me," he said, "to be beautiful in the inner man, and all I have of outer things to be at peace with those within. May I count the wise man only rich; and may my store of gold be such as none but the good can bear!" To be beautiful and to be rich—could any prayer be more inclusive of the things which most men eagerly desire? But could any prayer be more unlike that which lies unformulated on the lips of a host of those who pursue beauty and riches as if they were outward possessions? Socrates, being a wise man, knew that they were inward possessions, not to be secured by striving to be attained by growth. To gain wealth in things without gaining wealth of spirit seemed to him a monstrous irony of the gods, a terrible defeat of thevery purposes for which life was planned by the higher powers. The contrast between wealth in things and poverty of soul, of which the society of today affords so many examples, seemed t him like a kind of m ckery of men, an irony so deep and bitter that only offended gods could have devised it in their scorn of the blindness of men.

To be outwardly beautiful and inwardly ugly is to be *a beguiling imposter; to be outwardly rich and inwardly* poor is to be a beggar wearing splendid apparel over rags. It is also to be the victim of a ceaseless warfare; for no man is at peace until his soul and his life are in accord. Nor is any man happy to whom more wealth has come than can be borne in perfect integrity of nature. The wealth that deadens a man's sympathy, enervates his will, makes him dependent *on the services of others and the comfort* of things, fosters selfishness and puts content with condition in place of content of spirit, is disguised impoverishment; he alone is rich whose wealth in things is tempered, spiritualized, and administered by a soul rich in kindness, brotherliness, and wisdom.

FINGER-PRINT IDENTIFICATION

Finger-prints as a means of personal identification were heard of, until quite lately, only in novels like Mark Twain's "Pudd'nhead Wilson" and in the laboratories of experimental biologists like Galton. The courts were either ignorant of them or would have none of them. Now they have waked up, so widely that one wonders whether they will not also presently wake to the value *of other scientific methods* of detecting crime, now confined to the laboratories and to popular fiction. A burglar was recently convicted in a metropolitan court, although he had established an alibi, solely by the evidence of finger-marks on a pane of glass. These were identical with *those that* have been in the Police Department since 1907, when this prisoner was convicted of a previous crime. His counsel *constantly* objected to such evidence as irrelevant; but when finally the prisoner comprehended how conclusive it was, he broke down, pleaded guilty, and threw himself on the court's mercy.

The expert witness who demonstrated the evidential value of finger-prints at this trial was Lieutenant Faurot, who heads the Identification Bureau of the New York City Police Department. This expert, in order to demonstrate the conclusiveness of the finger-print system of identification, asked the court to put it to the following test: Twelve men, picked at *random from among re*porters, court officers, and others, were asked to step up and press their finger ends upon an inked block. This being *done*, and each imprint having been designated by a letter, one of the twelve was directed to grasp the same pane of glass which the prisoner had *removed* from the loft. Faurot, having absented himself during these proceedings, was now recalled to the court-room. The *print thus made being* almost invisible, some powdered chalk was lightly dusted over it upon the glass; Faurot then compared it with the twelve, and readily and correctly identified it with that among the twelve which had been designated "L."

In further *demonstration* Lieutenant Faurot introduced in evidence the photographs of twins. The front and profiles of the two were remarkably alike, as were also their Bertillon measurements; these measurements and photographs being passed around to the jury, they all admitted they could *not tell* which was which. Lieutenant Faurot then demonstrated by means of their finger-prints how very simple a matter *it was to tell* these twins apart. Further testimony of great scientific and practical interest was given by this admirable expert. Since the finger-print system of identification was introduced in the United States he has taken 65,000 impressions. This method is relied *on when photographs* and the Bertillon measurements fail. The Scotland Yard detectives have been greatly assisted by this means: for instance, a man having been arrested as a suspicious character in a New York hotel, his finger-prints were sent to Scotland Yard; a few days after a *corresponding set of* finger-prints—with the arrested man's photographs—were sent to New York, with the information that he was "wanted" in London for a hotel robbery.

Apart from criminal proceedings: At least one railroad now uses this system as a means of identifying employees. Banks now identify foreigners in this way. Some of the government em*ployees in the Canal* Zone are paid by means of this system, as are also Indians, who can not write their names. One may conceive here a veritable revolution in civilized transactions; for example, the substitution on behalf of people who cannot write their names, of the *finger-print for "his mark" on* documents. The latter, which is just a cross, is no means of identification at all; the finger-print is a much more positive signature than the writing of the name.

The finger-print system of identification, although usually attributed to Bertillon, was really due to Sir Francis Galton, who proposed it and first reduced it to a system, referring it later to Bertillon, who was for a time very skeptical regarding its merits.

About a month before Galton died the finger-print method was temporarily—and for the first time—successfully controverted in an English police court: A man was charged on suspicion with hav*ing been found loitering, supposedly in* order to commit a felony. A previous conviction was sought to be established against him by the production from the police records of finger-prints, these being pronounced identical with his. He, however, handed in papers showing that he was serving in the army at the time of the alleged conviction, whereupon he was promptly discharged. This event was naturally disconcerting, for identification by finger-prints had been regarded as infallible; and many declared—and not without reason—that this single failure should discredit the whole system. Nevertheless a week later it was ascertained and proved beyond peradventure that this prisoner had stolen the army papers from another man; what is more, it was shown clearly by other marks of identification —as well as by his handwriting— that here was indubitably the man to whom the police had referred.

Galton published his "Finger-Prints" in 1892, and soon afterward his "Index of Finger-Prints." He claimed that the *chance of the finger-prints of two in*dividuals being identical is less than one in sixty-four billions—a margin safe enough for the most careful of judicial procedures. If, therefore, two such prints are compared and found to be identical, nothing human can be more reasonable than that they are the prints of the same person; if they are not identical they must surely belong to different people. The chance of error is here infintesimal; and such chance is still further eliminated if prints of three or more fingers are taken. The only requisite seems to be that prints be taken clearly enough to bring out all the lines. It is considered that ...ese lines and prints are more enduring than any *other mark of the body*; they do not vary from youth to age; they persist even after death, at least, until decomposition has set in. Injuries alone change them; but a cut would be an added identification.

Thousands of mothers can testify to the virtue of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, because they know from experience how useful it is.

DEATH AFTER A SCRATCH

Morris Quatzam, an eleven-year-old *Windsor boy, fell off his* bicycle and scratched his wrist. He thought nothing of the injury, but blood poison set in and he is dead.

Such incidents as these—by no means infrequent—ought to make people realize the danger that may lie even in the *smallest flesh wound.*

Take a simple illustration. When a knife, a rusty needle, a splinter of dirty wood, a barbed wire fence, or a thorn, scratches the hand, the latter is inoculated with germs, of which the air about is full.

The way to avoid serious results is to cleanse the wound and apply Zam-Buk. Zam-Buk is a powerful, yet painless germ-killer, and when applied to the broken skin is absorbed into the tissue, instantly destroying the germs that spread disease and stopping the *pain and smarting. That is* why Zam-Buk is so popular with children.

The flesh thus soothed and purified, the wound is made perfectly healthy, and all poison and cause of festering removed. Having done this, Zam-Buk then proceeds to heal the wound or *sore, and new healthy tissue* is built up in a quick, painless and perfect manner.

Zam-Buk must not be confused with ordinary ointments. Zam-Buk is a unique preparation, possessing antiseptic, soothing and healing qualities that *are not to be found together in any* other preparation. It is not only a unique healing balm, but it is also a skin food. For all skin diseases and injuries—cuts, bruises, burns, eczema, chafing, ulcers, ringworm, etc., it is without equal. It is also used widely *for piles, for which it may be regarded* as a specific. All druggists and stores sell at 50 cents a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co. Toronto, for price. Refuse harmful imitations.

If you are a sufferer from colds get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup and test its qualities. It will *be found that no praise bestowed on it* is too high. It does all that it is claimed for it, and does it thoroughly. Do not take any substitute for Bickle's Syrup, because it is the best, having stood the test for years. All the best dealers sell it.

"So you are *going* to marry Miss C...ver?"

"No. She's far too up-to-date for my simple taste."

"How is that?"

"Why, I wrote to her last Monday to say I was coming down to propose *and when I arrived I found* she had sold the rights of photographing my proposal to a cinematograph firm."

An Irish editor, in speaking of Ireland and her woes, said:—

"Her cup of misery has been for ages *overflowing*, and is not yet full."

A Cure for Fever and Ague.—Disturbance of the stomach and liver always precede attacks of fever and ague, showing derangement of the digestive organs and deterioration in the quality of the blood. In these ailments Parmelee's Vegetable Pills have been found most effective, abating the fever and subduing the ague in a few days. There are many who are subject to these distressing disturbances and to these there is no better preparation procurable as a means of relief.

HEAD ACHE

Stop it in 30 minutes, without any harm to any part of your system, by taking

"NA-DRU-CO" Headache Wafers 25c. a box, at all druggists.

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA LIMITED. MONTREAL. 27

WALL PLASTER

Plaster Board takes the place of Lath, and is fireproof.

The "Empire" brands of Woodfiber and Hardwall Plaster for good construction.

SHALL WE SEND YOU PLASTER LITERATURE?

The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Ltd.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

THE ISLANDER

Published every Saturday at Cumberland, B.C., by

The Islander Printing & Publishing Company

CHARLES C. SEGRAVE,
Managing Editor.

Advertising rates published elsewhere in the paper

Subscription price $1.50 per year, payable in advance

The editor does not hold himself responsible for views expressed by correspondents.

SATURDAY, OCT. 28, 1911.

What the Editor has to say.

The new mail schedule made a very poor start, instead of arriving at 7.30 p. m. Tuesday, did not materialize until 11 p. m. The postmaster made special arrangements to sort the letters for delivery the same evening; he and his assistants were waiting when he received a message informing him of the delay.

Somehow the idea got started that the boat would start on the return voyage right away, which caused would be passengers to hire rigs and rush down to the Bay, only to find that she did not return until the usual time on Wednesday morning. Cumberland is continually suffering from these disjointed steamship arrangements, and we hope that the Conservative Association will make a rigorous protest and succeed in getting the schedule adhered to as published.

The first shot in the municipal campaign was fired on Sunday night in the Methodist Church. A prominent citizen occupying the floor against some petition that is or was being circulated. This petition, it seems, is to be one of the planks of the sporting element's candidate. Whether people believe the petition is right or wrong, the church has no business being mixed with city politics or any other politics.

This paper has consistently stated that Cumberland has a great future before it, and our contention is being proven more every day.

With the latest dispatches we have the news that the C. N. R. has a survey party out between here and Alberni, in fact has made such progress that it is now at the head of the Comox Lake, and not only this, but we have the news also that the C. P. R. has let the contract for another forty miles of the extension of the E. & N. between McBride's Junction and Union Bay. What with this railroad development, & the work on the Colliery Co's power plant, we look for great things in the near future, and there is no reason why Cumberland as the centre of this district both commercially and in the matter of population should be made as Vancouver is to her suburbs on a smaller scale and in this it is up to the merchants and business men to make their premises bright and attractive, and the laying of cement sidewalks on our front street would be some incentive for them to do so, and we hope this issue passes with the sanction of the people.

ISLANDER ADVERTISING RATES

Display Advertisements

75 cents per column inch per month.
Special rate for half page or more.

Condensed Advertisements

1 cent 1 word, 1 issue; minimum charge 25 cents.
No accounts run for this class of advertising

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., PRESIDENT
ALEXANDER LAIRD, GENERAL MANAGER

CAPITAL, - $10,000,000 REST, - $8,000,000

FARMERS' BUSINESS

The Canadian Bank of Commerce extends to Farmers every facility for the transaction of their banking business including the discount and collection of sales notes. Blank sales notes are supplied free of charge on application.

BANKING BY MAIL

Accounts may be opened at every branch of The Canadian Bank of Commerce to be operated by mail, and will receive the same careful attention as is given to all other departments of the Bank's business. Money may be deposited or withdrawn in this way as satisfactorily as by a personal visit to the Bank. 4231

CUMBERLAND BRANCH. W. T. WHITE, Manager.

FRUIT TREES

Not the Cheapest, but the Best

Catalogue Free

Vancouver Island Nursery Co.,
Ltd.
Somenos, V.I.

ELLISON--G. T. P. Townsite.

Centre of the rich Buckley Valley, centre of supply for Prince Rupert, centre of the Richest mining district in B. C. BUY NOW before prices go up. Price, business lots $250, corner $350. Terms $50 cash, bal. 6, 12 and 18 months. Apply

ISLANDER Office or

The Island Realty Co.

Fire, Life, Live Stock ... Accident .. Phone 22. P. L. ANDERTON, Courtenay, B. C.

CUMBERLAND LIVERY STABLES

CLOUTIER & KIRKBRIDE
PROPRIETORS

All Kinds of Hauling Done
First Class Rigs For Hire.
Orders Promptly Attended to

Wesley Willard

Local Agent for
The London & Lancashire
Fire Insurance Co.
Get rates before insuring elsewhere
Office: Cumberland

A FINE LINE OF NEW MATERIALS JUST RECEIVED

P. DUNNE
Up-to-date Merchant Tailor
DUNSMUIR AVENUE

P. PHILLIPS HARRISON
Barrister, Solicitor and Notary Public.

Pilsener Beer

The product of Pure Malt and Bohemian Hops
Absolutely no chemicals used in its manufacture
Bottled Beer Supplied to the Trade Only.

Best on the Coast

Pilsener Brewing Co., Cumberland, B.C.

FANCY CHINAWARE

A good assortment of Berry Sets, Fancy Cups and Saucers, Mugs, etc. just opened out, also an assortment of Toilet Sets.

A Full Stock of Furniture Beds and Bedding Always on Hand.

"The Furniture Store"

McPhee Block A. McKINNON Cumberland, B.C

Beadnell & Thwaites

Real Estate Agents

Offices: Comox & Courtenay.

FOR SALE

CLEARED FARMS, BUSH LAND AND LOTS

Agents for E. & N. Lands, Comox District.

Beadnell & Thwaites

W. Colpitts

"Leading Tobacco King."
Better known as "LONG WILLIE"
Dealer in Fruits, Candy, Cigars and Tobacco.
Billiard Room in connection

Mennie & Potter

GENERAL BLACKSMITHS

Horseshoeing a Specialty

Third Ave., Cumberland

Sale of Mineral Claims for unpaid taxes in the Comox Assessment District.

I hereby give notice that, on Monday, the 6th day of November 1911, A D, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Court House, Cumberland, I shall offer for sale at Public Auction the Mineral Claims in the list hereinafter set out, of the persons in the said list hereinafter set out, of which Crown Grants have been issued, for the taxes remaining unpaid and delinquent by said persons on the 30th day of June 1911, and for costs and expenses, if the total amount due is not sooner paid.

LIST ABOVE MENTIONED.

Owner	Name of Claim	Lot No.	Taxes	Costs	Total
Crane, Charles E.	Union	316 Coast District R. I	12 75	2 00	14 75
Crane, Charles E.	Electric	317 Coast District R. I	12 75	2 00	14 75
Burns, W. E.	Sunset	358 Coast District R. I	12 00	2 00	14 00
Burns, W. E.	Molly Gibson	359 Coast District R. I	12 50	2 00	14 50
British American Development Syndicate	Copper Queen	2082 Group 1, N.W.D.	10 00	2 00	12 00
British American Development Syndicate	Copper Prince	2083 Group 1, N.W.D.	13 00	2 00	15 00

Dated at Cumberland, B.C., 5th October 19

JOHN BAIRD,
Deputy Assessor and Collector, Comox District.

172

THE BIG STORE

Just Arrived!

A Large Consignment of Ladies' & Misses' Fall & Winter Coats. These are of the newest material and are the very latest in style, and we offer them at remarkably low prices.

INFANTS' WOOL COATS & HOODS in a bewildering variety and at prices that you could not purchase the material. Children's Bears Coats in red, navy blue, browns and white—very handsome curl—every size and lowest prices.

Call & See Them

SIMON LEISER & CO., LIMITED.

G. H. ASTON

Practical Watchmaker
All Work Guaranteed

English Watches a Specialty.

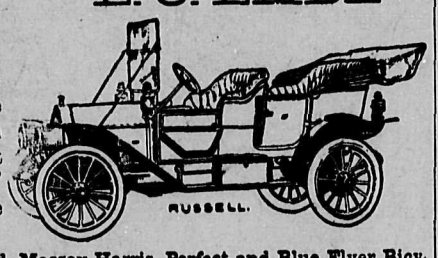
. . NEXT TO TARBELL'S, . .
Dunsmuir Ave ::: Cumberland

DISTRICT AGENT . . FOR . .

E. C. EMDE

The Russell AUTOMOBILE

The only Car Made in America with the "Silent Knight Valveless Engine," Also made in valve . . . style . . .



Cleveland, Brantford, Massey-Harris, Perfect and Blue Flyer Bicycles; Fairbanks Morse Gas Engines; also the Moore Gasoline Lighting Systems. Oliver Typewriters. Repairing of all kinds.

Bicycles, Sewing Machines, Guns, etc. Scissors and Skates ground
Rubber Tires for Baby Carriages. Hoops for Tubs
THIRD STREET, CUMBERLAND.

THE NEW ENGLAND HOTEL

JAMES WALTERS,
PROPRIETOR

THE POOREST OF WINES, LIQUOR & BEER
ALSO THE BEST OF CIGARS.

DUNSMUIR AVENUE : : : CUMBERLAND, B. C.

HEADQUARTERS SCHOOL

SEALED TENDERS, superscribed "Tender for School-house Headquarters," will be received by the Hon. the Minister of Public Works up to 12 o'clock noon of Tuesday, the 31st day of *October*, 1911, for the erection and completion of a large one-room frame schoolhouse at Headquarters, in the Comox Electoral District, B. C.

Plans, specifications, contract, and forms of tender may be seen on and after the 9th day of October, 1911, at the offices of A. M. Hilton, Esq., Secretary of the School Board, Headquarters, via Comox, B. C., the Government Agent, Cumberland B. C., and the Department of Public Works, Parliament Buildings Victoria.

Each proposal must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque or certificate of deposit on a chartered bank of Canada made payable to the Hon. the Minister of Public works, for the sum of $250, which shall be forfeited if the party tendering decline to enter into contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. The cheques or certificates of deposit of unsuccessfull tenders will be returned to them upon the execution of the contract.

Tenders will not be considered unless made out on the forms supplied, signed with the actual signature of the tenderer, and enclosed in the envelopes furnished.

The lowest or anytender not necessarily accepted.

J. E. GRIFFITH,
Public Works Engineer.
Department of Public Works,
Victoria, B. C., October 7th, 1911.
oc14 oc31

The Star Livery Stable

Third St. & Penrith Avenue
A. MAXWELL
Proprietor

All kinds of hauling done
First-class Rigs for Hire
Livery and team work promptly attended to

SOCIETIES

UNION LODGE No 11, I. O. O. F.
Meets every Friday evening at 7 oclock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Visiting brethern welcome.
JAS. E. ASTON, SECRETARY

Marocchi Bros.

Grocers & Bakers

Dealers in all kinds of Good Wet Goods
Best Bread and Beer in Town
Agents for Pilsener Beer

THE CUMBERLAND HOTEL
W. MERRIFIELD, Prop.
The finest hotel in the city.

THE ISLANDER

$1.50 a Year

J. N. McLEOD

Thousands Take Advantage of

Sale Still Continues

..GRAND,.. OPPORTUNITY!

MERCHANDISE
PRACTICALLY GIVEN AWAY.

THE CORNER STORE
CUMBERLAND

Sale of Lands for Unpaid Delinquent Taxes in the Comox Assessment District, Province off British Columbia.

I HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that on the 16th day of November, 1911, at the hour of Eleven o'clock in the forenoon at the Court House, Cumberland, B. C., I shall sell by Public Auction the lands hereinafter set out, of the persons in the said list hereinafter set out, for the delinquent taxes unpaid by said persons on the 31st day of December, 1910, and for interest, costs, and expenses, including the cost of advertising said sale, if the total amount due is not sooner paid.

LIST ABOVE MENTIONED.

NAME OF PERSON ASSESSED	SHORT DESCRIPTION OF PROPERTY	DELINQUENT TAXES			Statutory Costs and Expenses	TOTAL
		Taxes.	School Taxes.	Int to date of Sale		
McPhee, Jos. owner, Grant, A. tenant	Lots 3 and 4 of Sec. I, Map 275	4 80	95	31	2 00	8 06
Musters, W.C. estate	Sec. 3, 99 acres	40 00	1 18	2 26	2 00	45 44
Andrews, Charles Robin	Lot 3, block 4, Sharp's Addition to Courtenay Townsite, Sec.61 Map 472	80	10	08	1 00	1 48
Munighan, H.	Lot 11, block 4, Sharp's Addition to Courtenay Townsite, Sec 61 Map 472	90	19	10	1 00	2 19
Rumsby, James	Lot 12, block 3, of lot 87, map 487	1 20		10	1 00	2 30
Clarke, James John	Lot 14, block 5, of lot 87, map 487	1 80		20	1 00	3 00
Bertiaux, Catherine	Lot 4 blk 7 of lot 87, map 487	1 80		20	1 00	3 00
Dunnington, W. D.	Lots 22, and 23 of subdivision, lot 110 map 392	36	07	02	1 00	1 45
Mills, W. G	Lots 94, and 95, of subdivision, lot 110 map 392	72	13	05	1 00	1 90
Hamilton, Alexander	15 acres, of W. ½ of lot 114	1 80	1 20	15	2 00	5 15
Smith, Horace, senior, estate of	Lot 132, 160 acres	10 80		60	2 00	13 40
Whitson, W. H.	20 acres on north boundary of lot 205	8 00	80	50	2 00	11 30
Semeyn, Jacobus & E. & N. Ry Co.	S. E. ¼ of S W. 14 sec. 9, Tp I.	8 00		40	2 00	10 40
	NELSON DISTRICT.					
Harwood, John	Section 5	15 00	3 75	1 00	2 00	21 75
	NEWCASTLE DISTRICT					
Gordon, George A.	Section 5	32 00		1 75	2 00	35 75
Gordon, George A.	Section 20	4 80			2 00	7 05
	GROUP I, N. W. D					
Palmer, William C.	Lot 1376, 167 acres	4 80		25	2 00	7 05
Webster, R. M.	" 1641, 137 acres	4 11		22	2 00	6 33
	SAYWARD DISTRICT					
McGill, James H.	Lot 159, 159 acres	9 00		50	2 00	11 50
McGill, James H.	" 160, 160 acres	12 00		66	2 00	14 66
	RUPERT DISTRICT.					
Cox, George A.	Section 25, 167 acres	5 10		28	2 00	7 38
White, William H.	" 133, 160 acres	3 60		20	2 00	5 80
Kenny, Marshall J.	Lot 315, 99 acres	8 00		44	2 00	10 44
White, William H.	" 225, 94 acres	15 04		1 27	2 00	18 31
White, William H.	Section 2, 490 acres	40 00		2 20	2 00	44 20
Eberts, Hon, D. M.	Undivided 1-3 of section 15, Quatsino	26 20		1 44	2 00	29 64
Priest, Maria Jane	N. E. 1-4 of section 12, Tp.2, 160 acres Township of Hardy Bay, map 810, being subdivision of S.W 1 4 of section 30. Tp. 6.	16 00		88	2 00	18 88
Williams, Emma	Blocks I, 2 and 3	1 80		10	1 00	
" "	" 4 5, 6, 7	12 00		66	1 00	2 97
" "	Lots 1 to 12, block 9, 1 to 18, block 10	4 50		25	1 00	13 66
" "	" 1 to 20, block 11, 1 to 20, blk 12	6 00		33	1 00	5 75
" "	" 2 to 20, blk 13, 1 to 12, blk 14, 1 to 5. blk 15	6 90		36	1 00	7 33
" "	Lots 7 to 9, blk 15	45		03	1 00	8 26
" "	Blocks 16. 17, 18, 19. 20, lots 1, 2 3, 5, 7 to 12 of blk 21	15 30		84	1 00	1 48
" "	Lots 2, 3, 4 of block 22	45		03	1 00	17 14
" "	" 3 to 11, blk 23, lots 1 to 19, blk 24	4 20		23	1 00	1 48
" "	" 1 to 20, blk 25, lots 1 to 10blk 26	4 50		25	1 00	5 43
" "	" 1, 3 to 18, blk 27	2 55		14	1 00	5 75
" "	" 1 to 3: blk 28, 1 to 3 and 5 to 10 blk 29 blk 30	2 34		12	1 00	3 69
Morrison, James	Lot 1 of blk 22 Townsite of Port Hardy, map 790, part of sections 30 and 31, Tp 6.	3 60		52	1 00	3 46
Williams, Emma	Lots. 3, 6 to 12, blk 6	1 20		05	1 00	5 12
Hall, Dr. Lewis	" 5, blk 6	25			1 00	2 25
Lugrin, Charles H.	" 1 to 10, blk 14	7 20		1 18	2 00	1 25
Williams, Mrs. Emma	N.E. 1-4 of sec 24, Tp 9, 160 acres	16 00		80	2 00	9 38
Williams, Mrs. Emma	S. E. 1-4 of sec 25 Tp 9, 160 acres	16 00		80	2 00	18 80
Eberts, Duncan W. estate	N ½ and N ½ of S ½ of sec 24, Tp 10	35 20		1 76	2 00	18 80
Eberts, Duncan W. estate	Sec 25, Tp 10, 640 acres	51 20		2 56	2 00	38 96
	COAST DISTRICT, RANGE I,					55 76
McKay, Alexander	Lot 147, 167 acres	4 80		25	2 00	7 05
Ellis, William	" 158, south part 40 acres	1 20		06	2 00	3 26
McDonald, Peter	Part of lots 20, 21, 22. blk 4, Shoal Bay Townsite, subdivision of lot156 map 645, Sointula Townsite, Malcolm Island, Map 816	1 20		06	1 00	2 26
Dominion Trust Co.	S E ¼, blk 2, N W ¼, blk 14, S W 1-4, blk 78	1 80		15	1 00	2 95
Hilton, Gustav	N E 1-4 blk 28	60		05	1 00	1 65
Ahanen, Chr.	N W 1-4 blk 69	60		05	1 00	1 65
Marine Lumber & Trading Co.	W 1-4 blk 121	1 20		08	1 00	2 28

Dated a. Cumberland 9th October 1911. JOHN BAIRD
Deputy Assessor, Comox Assessment District, Cumberland P. O.

Canal Worker's Experience

Some time ago I came to this place to work on the canal and through inclement weather and exposure contracted the worst kind of neuralgia. The pain would fill my forehead so that I couldn't see; it was just awful. I went to a druggist in town and was advised to use a 50c. bottle of Nerviline. That was the best advice and the best medicine I ever got. I will always recommend Nerviline for any ache or pain. It is so strong and penetrating it is bound to cure.

(Signed) A. B. Giorgi,
Trenton, Ont.

Doctors will tell you that nothing but the purest and most healing antiseptic drugs are used in Nerviline—that's why it is so safe for general family use, for the baby as well as the parent. If you haven't tried Nerviline, do so now—your neighbors are almost sure to know of its manifold merits and uses.

SICILIAN SULPHUR

Nine-tenths of the native sulphur used in Europe comes from Sicily, and about one hundred thousand persons are dependent upon it for their livelihood.

After the position and depth of the sulphur deposit have been ascertained by boring, a shaft is sunk, which is *subsequently divided longitudinally* into three sections. Two of these are occupied by the hoisting-cages, while the third is devoted to the pumping-gear.

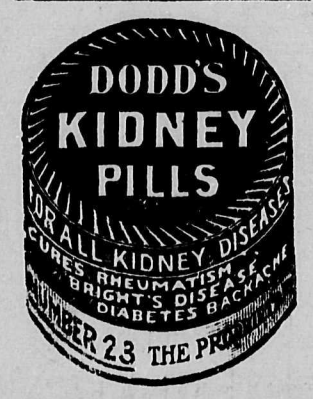
Great danger arises from the generation of gases within the rocks, and these gases are of three kinds: first, the poisonous gas, hydogen sulphide; next, an asphyxiating one, carbon dioxide; and, thirdly, marsh gas, the dreaded "fire-damp," which is explosive.

The hard sulphur is extracted with pickaxes, and is separated from its gangue by heat, steam being now generally employed. It is then molded into bricks, and is ready for the market.

Lots of men would make good if employed to furnish the motive power for windmills.

If a girl meets a man who doesn't admire her she imagines that he is a confirmed woman hater.

It sometimes happens that when a man loses his reputation he is lucky.



A New Horse Spavin Cure?

Save the difference between the cost of a good horse and $1.00—the cost of a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure. You can cure a Spavin, Splint, Ringbone, Bony Growth or Lameness, with it, like thousands have done. Read these letters — they will prove that Kendall's is

The One Safe, Reliable Cure.

Castel, Ont., Dec. 14th, 1910.
Please send me your Treatise on the Horse. I have been using your Spavin Cure for a number of years with good success, having during that time cured a Spavin on a valuable horse and have also treated bruises, swellings, etc. effectively. Christian Bender

W. W. Brown, Content, Alta., writes: July 18th, 1910
"I have used your Spavin Cure for years, and have completely cured Foot Rot in my herd of cattle, and Splints and Spavins on horses. I find that it cures wherever it is faithfully applied."

No need to worry about your horse if you have a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure on hand for emergency. Get a bottle from your druggist at once. Don't take a substitute. The great book, "Treatise on the Horse," free, of druggists, or write to 59A

Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Enosburg Falls, Vt.

Dr. Martel's Female Pills

EIGHTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD

Prescribed and recommended for women's ailments, a scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all drug stores.

Chilliwack, British Columbia

The Garden of B.C., in the famous Fraser Valley. Finest farming and fruit land in the world. Irrigation unknown. B.C. Electric Ry. from Vancouver; C.N.R. transcontinental and G. Northern building. Chilliwack a modern city—waterworks, electric light, etc. Green grass the year round. The Prairie Man's Paradise—no frost, no four month's snow. Write H. T. Goodland, Secy. Board of trade, Chilliwack, for all information, booklets, maps, etc.—THEN COME.

Dominion Business College

College open throughout the whole year. Students may join at any time.

"The Practical College"

Write for free catalogue.

CANADA BLDG. DONALD ST.
WINNIPEG, MAN.
D. COOPER, C.A. Principal

Storyettes

At the Art Museum the sign "Hands Off" was conspicuously displayed before the statue of Venus de Milo.

A small child looked from the sign to the statue.

"Anybody could see that," she said, dryly.

* * *

"What did my ma say to you when you came in?" inquired Johnny to his friend who had come to tea.

"She said she was very pleased to see me."

"I'm glad," said Johnny in a relieved tone. "'Cos she said this morning she hoped you wouldn't come."

* * *

Orator—I thought your paper was friendly to me?

Editor—So it is. What's the matter.

Orator—I made a speech at the Odd Fellows' dinner last night, and you didn't print a line of it.

Editor—Well, what further proof do you want?

* * *

"I'm afraid you may think we're giving you a lot of fish this week, old man," said the genial host, as they sat down to dinner. "The fact is, my wife has got hold of what sounds like a really capital device for removing a fish-bone stuck in the throat, and we want to see if it works."

* * *

"Is your town doing anything in the uplift way?"

"Oh, yes! We have a committee appointed to see all shows suspected of being immoral and report on them."

"Good!"

"Yes, a committee of one thousand."

"Indeed! Isn't that a—er—rather large committee?"

"Well, you see, we couldn't afford to create any hard feeling, and so we made it large enough to include about everybody."

* * *

"Do you think women would improve politics?"

"Well," replied Mr. Growcher, "after listening to the conversation on the front porch, I'll say this for them: If they ever start an investigation they'll find out something."

* * *

A plan was formed to scare a certain Tim Casey, living in a village near Belfast, on his returning from market by night past the churchyard. As he went by the usual turnip, white sheet, and lanthorn of the conventional ghost were submitted to his gaze, with the customary weird howls. Tim, however, simply looked fixedly at the apparition for a moment and remarked: "Arrah, now and is it a general resurrection, or are ye just taking a walk by yer self?"

* * *

An Italian woman was asked in court if she had any musical instruments in her home.

"No, signor," she replied, "nothing but rackets."

"What?" queried the lawyer.

"Rackets—the things they put in gramophones."

* * *

John Wesley had a reputation for cheerfulness. In his journal he writes:

"I preached in Halifax to a civil, senseless congregation. Three or four gentlemen put me in mind of the honest man at London who was so gay and unconcerned while Dr. Sherlock was preaching concerning the Day of Judgment.

"One asked: 'Do you not hear what the doctor says?'

"He answered: 'Yes, but I am not of his parish!'"

* * *

Representatives Hughes and Kinkead of New Jersey, and Cravens, of Arkansas, wits of the House, had just returned from the funeral of a colleague. They were discussing the pomp and publicity of a congressional funeral. "I do not want such a funeral, do you, 'Gene?" said Mr. Hughes to Mr. Kinkead. "No, Billy, I do not care to be put away with so much display. What about you, Ben?" said Mr. Kinkead, turning to Mr. Cravens. "I don't want any funeral," responded the southerner, dryly.

This is one of the old stories told by Henry Clews of Travers, the New York stammering wit. Mr. Clews always insists that the average Wall Street broker is the most honest of men.

"Travers," said Mr. Clews, "was once invited to be a guest at a yacht regatta. The waters of Newport harbor were covered with a beautiful squadron. Mr. Travers found that each yacht belonged to a banker or broker. He gazed blankly into the distance for a time, and then inquired softly: 'W-w-w-where are the c-c-customers' yachts?'"

* * *

George Fitch, the author of the Siwash College stories, which are to be issued in book form, went all the way from his home in Peoria to Boston to attend the annual convention of the *American Press Humorists*. It was the sad-faced Peoria humorist's first encounter with the far-famed crooked streets of Boston.

"I started out to take a short trolley trip one morning," says Mr. Fitch, "and after the car had turned forty-eight corners, the conductor came into the car. 'I beg pardon,' said he, 'but has any one a pocket compass? The motorman has lost his way!'"

* * *

When Mr. Newrich was asked, on his return to Tacoma, what he thought of Italy, he hesitated for several seconds.

"I want to speak fair about every country I've been to in my travels," he said, slowly, "and there are points about some parts of that Eyetalian country that I'd like to see copied in Tacoma. I am referring," said Mr. Newrich, letting his slow and heavy gaze rest on one member of his audience after another, "to the natural beauties of the country, you understand. When you come to buildings, the whole of Italy, partic'larly Rome, has seen her best days, in my opinion, and seen 'em a good while ago, what's more."

* * *

Of course, all the bathers were terribly scared. A shark—actually a shark—had made its way to the usually placid waters of Puddleton! But when it was safely caught they flocked to the tent where it was being exhibited, and willingly paid their threepences for the privilege of seeing it.

"A Man-Eating Shark," read the announcement outside the tent. It drew all Puddleton, including a couple of natives, who sat down on the grass for the best part of an hour, and eyed the slimy monster in awed expectation.

"Hey, there!" remarked one at last, as the attendant went by. "When's the man coming on?"

"What man?" asked the attendant.

"Why, the man who's going to eat the shark!"

"There ain't none," retorted the attendant.

"Then what do you mean," exclaimed the y kel, angrily, "by sticking up a sign to say that you show a man eating shark, eh? Come along, Bill! I thought it was a swindle!"

* * *

"Well," said the artist. The critic fixed his eyeglass and examined the canvas. He went close up to it; then moved away from it; then viewed it from the south-west corner; then tried it from the northwest wall.

"Good!" he said, finally. "Distinctly good! One of the best pictures of a coal-mine I've ever seen! Perhaps the lighting——"

"Coal-mine, sir!" cried the artist. "Coal-mine!" He glared at the critic angrily, and clenched his slender fingers. "It's a bird's-eye view of Blackpool! You are an ass, sir!"

"Oh, am I?" retorted the critic, warmly. "Well, that may be. But let me tell you that, if that picture represents a *bird's-eye* view of anywhere, I'm thankful that I'm not a bird!"

* * *

Maudie was evidently feeling embarrassed about something, and she blushed prettily, as she told the sister of her fiance that she would like to buy a birthday present for him.

"You know him better than I do," she said, "so I came to you to ask your advice."

"Yes?" said her future sister-in-law, inquiringly.

"What," went on the blushing Maudie, "would you advise me to get?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the other girl, carelessly. "I could only advise you in general terms. From what I know of him, I should say he would appreciate something that he could pawn easily!"

* * *

At dinner in a small town in Scotland it was found that everyone had contributed to the evening's entertainment but a certain Dr. McDonald.

"Come, come, Dr. McDonald," said the chairman, "we *cannot let you escape*."

The doctor protested that he could not sing.

"My voice is altogether unmusical, and resembles the sound caused by the act of rubbing a brick along the panels of a door."

The company attributed this to the doctor's modesty. Good singers, he was reminded, always needed a lot of pressing.

"Very well," said the doctor; "if you can stand it I will sing."

Long before he had finished his audience was uneasy. There was a painful silence as the doctor sat down, broken at length by the voice of a candid Scot at the end of the table.

"Man," he exclaimed, "your singin's no up to much, but your veracity's just awful. You're richt aboot that brick."

* * *

"Joined in June" is the way a southern newspaper heads a wedding report. This suggests a few other alliterations, as, "Fastened in February," "Mated in May," "Attached in August," "Spliced in September," and "Divorced in December."

The Horseman

Without doubt the greatest mile ever negotiated by a trotter was that of Uhlan, 1.58¾ (mile track), when the son of Bingen-Blonde, by Sir Walter, stepped a mile recently over the historic half-mile track at Goshen, N.Y., in 2.02¾, by the official timers, beating the former half-mile track record of 2.05¼, made at Allentown, Pa., by 2½ seconds. It is generally conceded that there is a difference of at least five seconds between a first-class half-mile track and a first-class mile track, so when this is taken into consideration, Uhlan's mile at Goshen was equal to a mile in 1.57¾. At Cleveland or Columbus the fastest mile ever trotted was 1.58½, made by Lou Dillon behind a wind shield. This record, however, does not stand for much today, as the mile of Uhlan last year, in 1.58¾, is regarded as the world's record for trotters, made as it was, in the open. Describing the wonderful mile, "Percy," in the Chicago Horseman, writes as follows:

"By 3 p.m. Tanner was ready and the runner warmed up on the back stretch. Clearing the track as much as possible, all was ready, and the handsome black seemed to know he was out for a record-breaking effort and was eager yet well-mannered as usual, for never has his equal as a gentleman been seen. Three times he scored alone, and short scores they were too. Nearing the wire—really there is none here, but the two gilt topped red poles serving as such—and Tanner nodded for the word and watches clicked as hundreds of holders snapped into action their timing pieces.

"Out wide and in the very centre of the stretch Uhlan whizzed to the turn and reached the eighth in 16 seconds; here he was brought in nearer the pole, and he stepped to the quarter in .31, a 2.04 clip with the runner trailing. The half was 1.01, though some had it a shade faster. As "Si" Klotz flashed it a cheer went up, for a great mile surely was being trotted, and but a break could spoil a record to stand till Uhlan himself may lower it. I could not get the third quarter, yet the timers said 1.32, leaving ample leeway to lower the 1910 mile at Allentown—2.05¼. The runner closed on the back stretch, and Tanner called to his driver to come inside on the stretch, driving wide to allow of it, as he doubtless feared a swerve because of the big crowd overflowing the home stretch.

"Rounding the upper turn in safety, they fairly flew to the short flag, and there Tanner called for the reserve, and received immediate response at the instance of his favorite, who trotted to the finish firm in his flying stride and true-gaited as ever trotter strode. They flashed past the judges' stand with the champion as fresh as possible for a trotter to be at the finish of a wonderful effort, and the crowd applauded till the high hill in the background resounded in echoes, as all knew all trotting records had gone by the board, yet watch holders scarce could believe their watches on noting that not alone had 2.05 been beaten, but that it was below 2.03. No watch in the vicinity of the wire showed slower than 2.02 and four-fifths, some had made it 2.02½, and never was Father Time so jostled since man essayed the task of unseating the scythe bearer.

There is as much difference between a roadster and a draft horse as there is between a steam-plow and an automobile. The nature of the work done by each of these two classes of horses has so influenced their inner mechanism that in order to produce results, they must receive energy, making food peculiarly suited to the nature of their work. Therefore, the ration of the driving horse should be different from that of the average work horse. Drivers should receive much less roughage in proportion to their size than horses performing work calling for slower action, and therefore a slower run of blood. The driver must be an animal of endurance and mettle. Therefore, he must be fed roughage which will not cause overloading of the stomach and "washiness." Timothy hay prevents this and keeps the animal in tip top shape, provided his grain ration is sufficient. Clover hay is too loosening and is very annoying in its results upon a driving horse of any kind. Then, too, from an economic point of view, you cannot afford to use clover hay for this purpose. Clover hay is adapted for production of flesh and flesh products, not for the production of fast work. Don't excuse yourself for feeding clover because you haven't timothy. This is not a matter of convenience, it is a matter of economics, and it will pay you to buy in a load or two of timothy and make preparation for hay of that nature next season.

* * *

Early in the nineteenth century when several states prohibited horse racing at fairs many predicted the end of breeding, but the trotter held its own. The same thing occurred at successive stages of history. The many things that were expected to relegate the horse to the background were: the introduction of railroads, the ravaging effect of the Civil War, the introduction of bicycles, the introduction of automobiles, but the trotter still held his own.

Now comes a prediction that the using of automobiles, motorcycles and aeroplanes as attractions at county fairs will interfere with horse racing.

Harness racing gained in favor and reached its zenith five or six years ago. The management offered several thousand-dollar stakes, and big purses were the rule rather than the exception. This brought out good sport for two seasons. Then the big stakes failed to fill and five-hundred-dollar stakes were substituted. These did not fill and the management returned to purses, which were not so large as formerly. This year three hundred dollars was the high water mark. The number of horses making the smaller tracks dwindled in proportion. Six years ago fair secretaries would have been alarmed at such a situation. The patrons demanded racing, and the fair that did not furnish first-class speed contests did not get the crowds.

But today the managers see nothing alarming in the failure of harness horses to come to the half-mile tracks. This year some fairs did not even offer harness purses. Others, more conservative, retained the harness programme, although few made a vigorous campaign for entrants. Wherever harness racing was eliminated or curtailed, automobile and motorcicycle racing was substituted. The public today is speed mad. This is as true of the people in the country as it is in the city. Motor racing makes a direct appeal to this speed mania. They cut harness records in two and then cut them again. Also there is the added element of personal danger which adds zest to any sport. The aeroplane is another newcomer tending to displace the harness horse, and is no uncommon feature at county fairs this summer.

It is a matter of experience that at a meeting where harness and gasoline apt to grow impatient at the harness events. The delays incident to scoring, races are both carded, the crowds are the lesser speed, and the frequent scarcity of entrants are some of the reasons for the spectators' dissatisfaction.

The management finds gasoline races less expensive. Two first-class automobile races can be pulled off for one horse race. They cost less money and they involve less work. This week twelve high-power racing machines were attracted to our local track by purses aggregating one-third of the amount offered for harness races. On the other hand there were barely enough harness horses at the track to make two races, excepting the green trot or pace for local horses. And the attendance broke all records.

Of course, the foregoing is applicable principally to small tracks, but many grand circuit horses begin in the half-mile courses, and there are always a large number of harness devotees racing in the small circuits who follow it for the sport itself, and not because of large financial inducements. These men constitute a considerable portion of the horse-racing army, and are the ones who will suffer should the small tracks eliminate horse racing and go in for aviation and motor racing. There is an unmistakable tendency in that direction which, it is sincerely to be hoped, is only a passing fancy and not the beginning of a permanent change.

BUNIONS NO JOKE

Hard to get rid of them, too. Two or three applications of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor softens the thickest tissue, and removes it painlessly. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes corns, warts, and callouses quickly and painlessly. Sold by all druggists, price 25c.

Warts are disfigurements that disappear when treated with Holloway's Corn Cure.

It is a Liver Pill.—Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin in a disordered liver, which is a delicate organ, peculiarly susceptible to the disturbances that come from irregular habits or lack of care in eating and drinking. This accounts for the great many liver regulators now pressed on the attention of sufferers. Of these there is none superior to Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Their operation though gentle is effective, and the most delicate can use them.

ATTACKED BY BRONCHIAL CATARRH

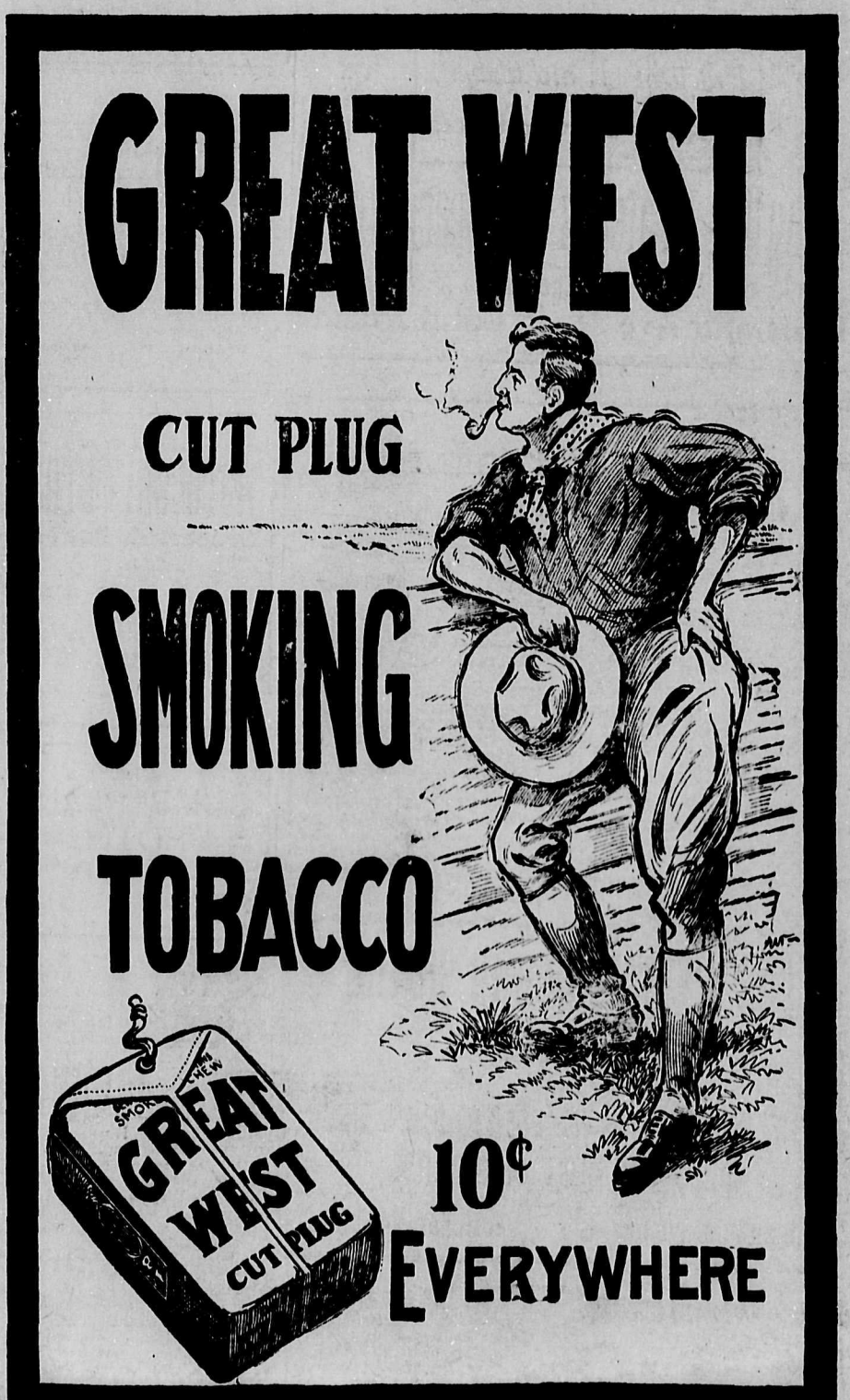
Bound Brooke P. O., Port Antonio, Ja., June 4, 1910.

Dear Sirs,—I have been suffering from dreadful attacks of Catarrh and Bronchitis for a period of one year and four months, during which time I spent most of my earnings in trying various remedies, but, alas! without any satisfaction. I was just about giving up hope of enjoying life for the future when in our Daily Telegraph papers of Jamaica I saw your advertisement for Catarrhozone, and tried one bottle. That was sufficient. I now know Catarrhozone is the best and only medicine for my trouble. It has made a thorough cure.

(Signed) T. C. White.

Large size, sufficient for two months' use, guaranteed, price $1; smaller sizes 25 cents and 50 cents. Beware of imitations and substitutors, and insist on getting "Catarrhozone" only. By mail from the Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

A Corrector of Pulmonary Troubles.—Many testimonials could be presented showing the great efficacy of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in curing disorders of the respiratory processes, but the best testimonial is experience and the Oil is recommended to all who suffer from these disorders with the certainty that they will find relief. It will allay inflammation in the bronchial tubes as no other preparation can.



173

Twelve of His Peers

(By Ruby Baughman)

The few witnesses in the case had been examined and cross-examined. The evidence, pitifully scant pro and overwhelmingly strong con, had been vigilantly sifted by the attorneys and measured out to the jury, all in the shifty-eyed presence of the crumpled bit of humanity in the prisoner's box.

As the judge rose, pompous and paunchy, to make his charge to the jury, the foreman of that insignificant body leaned back in his arm chair, complacent in the prospect of the ease with which a verdict must be arrived at.

The performance of his duty, however, was no trivial matter to the conscientious deacon. His solemn sense of its importance he had expressed by donning his long, funereal frock coat. That his function was not exactly religious, only somberly and seriously secular, like acting as pallbearer at a week-day funeral, he had indicated by wearing his gray flannel shirt and second-best brownish gray trousers. He was unpleasantly conscious, too, that in the worldly anxiety connected with this disagreeable business, he had disturbed with his fidgetty fingers the Sabbatarian sleekness of his insufficient gray hair.

Protesting, shocked, irritated digits they were, for the details of the trial had been most unpleasant even though the facts had not seemed elusive. For generations in five counties round about, no such calamity as a murder and its consequent catastrophes had blighted the public good name. Human wickedness in the abstract was a favorite subject of invective for the deacon in prayer-meeting; human sin in practise he found not only offensive but disconcerting.

"You must bear in mind, however, gentleman of the jury, that not one word of this remarkably clear chain of evidence is direct and positive."

At the words of the judge, the foreman moved a bit uneasily in his chair and settled his stiff Sabbath-coat collar more amicably over its unaccustomed neighbor, the easy-going flannel shirt-band. The attorney for the defense had already harped sufficiently on the dangers lying in decisions based on circumstancial evidence. These easy acquittals on the ground of insufficient evidence only put a premium on criminality.

"In such an instance it becomes your duty to determine whether the evidence as educed from the attendant circumstances, proves beyond all possible human doubt, the guilt of the prisoner at the bar," instructed the judge.

The deacon resented the implication that any such reasonable doubt could exist about this case. For his part, his mind was made up once for all time. The whole thing was too obvious, too simple to admit of uncretainty. This strange man, the prisoner, and a woman, going no one knew whither from no one cared whence, in a "movers-wagon," had camped for the night under the maples along the roadside just below the old Quinn place, more recently owned and farmed by a comparative newcomer from Illinois, John Matthews by name.

Early evening passers-by saw them make camp there; later travellers heard their voices in angry altercation in the wagon and beside the fire. John Matthews' hired man, putting his horse away on his return from town about eleven o'clock, heard a shot in the direction of the wagon. Matthews, the nearest house-dweller, had slept, solitary bachelor that he was, till roused by the neighbors with the news of the adjacent tragedy.

Investigation—for what corn-growing community startled by a pistol shot in the brooding peace of the night hour could refuse investigation!—had found the man, hysterical, even half-delirious, trying to stop the flow of blood from a great wound in the woman's breast. That he should deny all knowledge of the source of her injury, that he should declare that she died from a mysterious shot fired from out the darkness, was only human, perhaps, but dismally ineffective.

Two empty cartridges in his gun he explained by showing the remnants of two quail left from their supper, a natural defense but silly in the face of the facts. A gambling outfit had been discovered in the search of the wagon. This man had walked in the counsel of the ungodly; therefore he must not stand in the judgment.

He had refused consistently to give any information about himself or his wife; even his name was unknown. He had called upon no friends for help. To the deacon, a highly influential member of a numerous and wealthy farmer clan, this hopeless aloneness was in itself a most incriminating feature of the trial. Furthermore, the accused had deckned persistently the comforts of religion and the inquisitively proffered services of both pastor and people.

For confirmation in this judgment the deacon looked down the line of eleven farmers' faces turned toward the judge's instructions. Ten jurors were earnest but unruffled, well-fed, narrowly shrewd, honest, not widely varying types of tillers of the soil. Sincerely searching for the truth, this decade of the deacon's old friends and neighbors listened with a realization of the grimness of their duty.

The twelfth man, John Matthews, the outlander, chosen at the last moment as talesman to complete the panel, watched with strained widely opened eyes not the judge's exposition of their function but some point in space which the deacon could not at first locate. Following the line of the man's steady gaze, the deacon finally discovered that the object of the unwavering scrutiny was an empty ink-bottle left from the last term of court on the walnut table below the judge's bench.

From its duty depths showing ebon-black in the yellow sheen of the afternoon sun glint, a fly was buzzing a futile and stupid attempt to escape. What there could be in the frantic humming of a foolish fly thus to ensnare any sane man's attention the deacon could not understand.

If the insect had one atom of sense, it would see that the avenue of flight lay just above its purposeless circling. With an uncomfortable sense of impact, the deacon's eyes met the eyes of Matthews. A slow strange ghost of a smile shadowed the thin brown face of the juror. Wifeless, childless, he had lived too much alone, decided the gregarious deacon.

"I repeat, gentlemen of the jury, the circumstances must prove beyond all possible refutation, the guilt of the accused," cautioned the judge's voice.

Back to a sense of his responsibility in the burden of the life or death of this whimpering culprit, shuddered the deacon.

"The wages of sin," he whispered to himself to fortify his spirit as the judge concluded his instructions. A perturbation of mind too general to be called doubt, born of what parent thought he knew not, ruffled the stern, unrelenting quality of his earlier decision. "Thou shalt not kill," might be as stringently laid on the foreman of the jury as on the criminal in the dock.

Absentmindedly, even to inattentiveness, he watched the closing formalities. An awesome sense of the inevitability of the thing, of the finality of the event, seized upon him with the sharp click of the latch of the jury-room door. For two heartbeats, he permitted himself to heresy of condemning any governmental system and social order that had power thus to make a dozen men their brother's keeper.

Reassurance lay in the familiar faces of his colleagues. The habit of leadership was strong in the deacon. Right is right. Wrong is wrong. Their duty as men and citizens, disagreeable as it might be, lay straight ahead. This man whose feverish life-breath was theirs to strangle or set at peace, had sat in the seat of the scornful. The wages of sin must not be denied.

Aware at length of the lapse of a long tense silence, the foreman raised his tired eyes to the double row of solemn faces along the black walnut table-top. Opposite him at the other end of the justice-scarred table-top, sat John Matthews. From the black-ringed, steel-gray agony in that juror's eyes the deacon could with difficulty move his gaze as he called for the first vote. This was grim business, this deciding the right of a sinner to live on in his sin; but a man's duty must be done and there was small avail in such vicarious suffering as that which stiffened John Matthews' pallid face.

The ballot stood eleven to one for conviction and sentence of death. On the gray miserable faces along the table and the torment-twisted features at the end, the deacon read the explanation of the divided vote. He braced himself for the struggle to bring those defiant, forbidding eyes to reason.

One ballot should have decided it. Surely this grisly task needed no additional burden of difficulty. Clayton County must not shirk before the eyes of her neighbors the duty of administration of justice to her evil-doers.

"Let a man so account of us of stewards of the mysteries of God. Moreover, it is required in stewards that they be found faithful.'"

A strength for the load came as he dimly heard his own voice tremble through the familiar, heartrending message. In his great need the words brought firm assurance; but no yielding snowed in the mocking eyes opposite. They promised to be troublesome.

"'Moreover, it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful,'" repeated the foreman, with his eyes persistently melting at the rigor of Matthews' own.

"The man ain't been proved guilty," the deacon watched the bloodless lips affirm.

"Beyond all reasonable human doubt," he heard his own rasping voice answer.

A laugh that sent the deacon's fingers clutching his palms, distorted the set anguish of the talesman's face. A doubt of the man's sanity checked the deacon's reply.

"Beyond all possible human doubt," he found himself repeating inanely.

The fire of physical pain and mental distress burned in the juror's deathlike pallor, giving an instant's color.

"The man ain't proved guilty," and some inner flame glowed in his dogged persistence.

"Beyond all reasonable doubt," repeated the deacon against his own volition.

"The judge said not to convict on circumstantial evidence," and the deacon wondered if his own perturbed fancy had tricked him into hearing a wistful tone in the words.

"Except when it proves beyond all possible human doubt the guilt of the prisoner at the bar," quoted the deacon, impelled by some motive force outside himself.

"A lot you know about the prisoner at the bar! A lot you know about anything or anybody outside your own cornfields and pig-pens and church and grocery store!" And the high-pitched tones slipped down into the deeper note of scornful indignation. "Stewards of the mysteries! And you can't read the meaning of any human experience beyond the end of your own nose! Maybe the man had a right to shoot the woman."

The deacon felt rather than saw the ten spines stiffen in startled amazement. Ten pairs of eyes looked at the deacon for justification. The deacon dodged.

"You don't mean to say that a man has a right to shoot his wife?" spoke up a new voice, oily, gently conciliating as to a madman.

"It's a quicker way than slaving her to death."

Then flaring a blaze of contempt at the speaker, the deacon's own cousin, who sat at his right hand, Matthews turned to the deacon again as the seat of authority.

"That miserable whelp there, your own kin, has five hired men on his place. His wife has had ten children, and ain't never once had a hired girl even in harvestin' and thrashin'. She don't even get enough to eat. All the stingy cuss raises he sells; all he can't sell he feeds to the hogs; what the hogs don't want the family gets. And yet he sets there, a steward of the mysteries, passin' judgment on a stranger, when he's the one himself that needs hangin'."

The deacon laid a hand of precaution on the fat, purple anger-spluttering man beside him. The tenseness of tragedy threatened to fall into the bathos of the comedy of a cheap brawl, when the gray eyes burned his and the rasping voice stung again his startled ears.

"When did you ever kiss your wife? When did you ever get her a new dress? When did you ever praise her bread? She had pretty clothes, plenty enough, when you and Doc Ashton was sparkin' her. And she'd had them now if she'd took Doc instead of you. D'you think anybody'd be to blame but you if she'd go off with him and leave you? It's only because she's too good to even think of such a thing that she don't do it. It's none of your good doin's that she hasn't." And the voice shrilled off into a half-hysterical sob.

The man was crazy. But a cold clutch gripped the deacon's breath at the effrontery of the man's suggestion. Framed in its crinkly, gray hair, the placid, inscrutable face of his middle-aged mate trembled before his misty eyes. A chill shook him at the thought of a possibility of her loss.

The chill burned into a white heat at the thought of his old-time rival, hated, perhaps feared, even after all these years of possession. The deacon had come by way of this man's wild words to a new bit of knowledge, and quite against his will his eyes acknowledged their debt to the ones across the table. The man was mad.

"Oh, no, I'm not crazy. I was once, years ago, but I'm sane enough now. I had a wife once, too, like you, before I moved here—back in Illinois." His voice dropped into the drone of a schoolboy reciting a hated lesson.

"She was pretty; she had always lived in town, and had a good time, and I married her and moved onto the farm and went to work, and I forgot she was a woman and my wife. She was young and liked company and fun and nice clothes like women do, but I wanted to pay for the farm. My cousin had wanted her before I got her, and he kept on wanting her. It's the same old story of two men and one woman—common enough—common enough. Lightning's common, too, but it seems peculiarly uncommon and important to the man it hits. He was a yellow cur. You saw him out there—what he is. But she left me for him because he was kind to her and I wasn't—oh, I know now that I wasn't." The bitterness of the memory drew the tense eyelids tight for an instant.

"And she went."

The deacon's universe of self-satisfaction had crumbled into bits at the man's arraignment of his domestic procedure; it was ground into atoms forever by the force of a blinding, choking fellow-feeling of rage, jealousy, wild longing for revenge, a desire to kill, roused by the maunderings of this sane-eyed lunatic.

"And she went," repeated the voice dully. "I moved out here. They didn't get on very well. He's a failure. You needn't set yourself up to judge men for their sins; the sins'll do that. They was movin' to Kansas. They didn't know they stopped at my place. I knew them.

"I heard them quarreling, and I went too close, and she saw me. They were quarreling, and he started to hit her, and I raised my gun and shot him, but she rushed in front of him and got the charge. I had my gun, and I think I meant to shoot him, but she saved him—even though he beat her, she saved him from me—her husband. Oh, Molly, Molly!"

The deacon and his colleagues sat paralyzed before this black chasm of human experience which their nice philosophy of life could not bridge.

"You see, folks get in sometimes, too, and can't get out, like that poor little devil of a fly in the ink-bottle, even when the bottle's open. And now"—he spoke in a whisper and staggered to his feet, his eyes glazing, and his breath coming in gasps—"don't you think we'd better take another vote on the verdict?"

He fell face forward with a shivering thud of his limp weight.

Following the deacon's eye, the men rose from the table in unison like a machine. Like men in a dream, they filed from the jury-room. In a daze the foreman heard the verdict. "Not guilty."

The murmur of surprise in the court-room barely touched his ears. He was consciously adjusting himself to a wider horizon line. A chill cold, as the wind over a summer hail-storm, shivered through him; he knew well that the last chapter of the tragedy had detained the twelfth juror in the jury-room. Jarred loose from his traditions, bewildered by the whirl of unaccustomed events and ideas, the deacon turned toward the jury-room door.

"D'ye suppose he told the truth? Or did he just say it to save his cousin? D'ye reckon he'd be saved, or would his soul be lost?" queried his cousin at his elbow, bound in pachyderm.

The deacon looked at that individual with new eyes. An unrighteous desire to smash with his fist the smug primness of that piggish face pulled the diagonal features into an ungodly scowl.

"That's none of our business," the deacon replied sharply. "All we've got to do is to bury the body."

THE EVOLUTION OF SHOES

The earlier shoe was a sandal, most frequently of hide or leather, but sometimes of wood. When one encounters the word "shoe" in the Bible, he may be sure that it is the sandal that is commonly meant.

In Egypt the sandal was woven of palm leaves and papyrus. As a symbol of the subjection of their enemies the Egyptians often painted the figures of their opponents on the lining of their sandals.

If utility was the first motive in wearing shoes, art and decoration soon crept in. Ladies permitted themselves great luxury in the attire of their feet. The sandal became closely identified with symbolism, very much in the same way that the glove did later. To throw a sandal or shoe over a tract of land was a symbol of possession. This is the meaning of the Biblical phrase, "Over Edom will I cast my shoe."

In time the sandal came to have many forms. Two varieties developed in Greece for use in dramatic performances: the sock for comedy, the buskin for tragedy. The buskin reached to the knee, was something like a high Wellington boot, and showed very thick soles, intended to increase the stature. The sock reached only to the ankle, and appears to have been worn when quick movement was desired.

It was in Rome that the sandal began to take a shape something like our modern shoe. There are in Eastern Europe peoples, whose civilization are derived from Rome, who still cling to the unreformed sandal, but the Rome of Augustus was more luxurious. The footgear of patricians was decorated with golden clasps and embroideries, and shoe-making became an elaborate trade.

Ordinary walking-shoes frequently had a wooden sole like some of the sandals of Egypt, and it is probably from those that the French peasant of today derives his sabots. The wealthier classes indulged in dainty slippers and laced boots, while the emperors wore purple buckskins. Red was permitted to the nobility; the commons had to content themselves with more sober coloring.

In England under the Norman influence some extraordinary developments took place. During the time of the Plantagenets the toes of shoes were turned up like rams' horns or were drawn out to such a length that the points had to be laced to the knees. These were of bright colors, sometimes different for each foot, and jewels and precious stones were stitched upon them. Later large rosettes of colored ribbon were attached.

It has been pointed out that the sturdy sandals of the Teutonic tribes enabled them to march across Europe to the walls of Rome. The footgear of an army is one of the most important parts of its equipment.

PRIMITIVE SURVEYING

According to a legend of Smithtown, Long Island, the township was originally measured off by a primitive method. The first settler was one Smith, who bought from the Indians as much land as a bull could go around in a day. Now Smith had a smart bull, trained to carry him and to half-trot and half-lope at a rapid pace. That day the bull was up to the mark. By night he had inclosed so much land that the amazed Indians nicknamed its rider "Bull Smith."

This tradition has its counterpart among the Boers of South Africa. Their "runs," as the farms of these Dutchmen are called, contain, generally speaking, from four to six thousand acres, of which only a few acres are under cultivation. Small monuments of stones piled up at certain points mark the boundary lines.

The first settlers, knowing nothing of surveying, measured off their "runs" by horse-power. Having piled up a lot of stones, the Boers would start from them and ride in a straight line for half an hour, as fast as their horses could carry them.

Halting, each rider would build another beacon, and again ride for half an hour at right angles to his first line. Then he would pile up another stone beacon. Two more turns and an hour more of riding brought him back to his starting point.

The square tract inclosed within the two hours' ride and the four beacons became his farm. Of course, the Boer who owned the fleetest horse obtained the largest tract of land.

MEANS TO DIE POOR

Dr. Daniel K. Parsons, the Hinsdale, Illinois, philanthropist, after giving away his fortune of $7,000,000, has just entered the Hinsdale sanitarium, almost penniless, to spend the remainder of his days. He has turned his ninety-second year, and is in failing health. His last gift was his residence and five acres of land, valued at $35,000, the residence to be maintained as a public library and art gallery. It has long been his wish to distribute his wealth for the benefit of humanity, and in its disposal he has given largely to schools and colleges in twenty different states. He was born in Vermont, and practiced medicine until he moved to Illinois, where he became immensely wealthy through real estate speculations.

MANY ELEPHANTS IN SIAM

No estimate can be made of the number of wild elephants in the jungles of Siam. In one of the elephant "drives" in the Aypthia district recently more than two hundred were seen at one time. These drives are held yearly in the various districts of Siam, during which great numbers of the animals are driven into a stockade. The finest specimens are then captured and later tamed and trained for domestic use. The district of Aypthia is famous for its drives, and the king usually attends when large events are arranged for. Permission to capture wild elephants may be obtained from the Siamese government, and for each animal caught a royalty of $150 is paid; but such capture is exceedingly difficult and expensive, and the animal often dies before it is properly trained.

THE RAT IN HISTORY

The rat of Europe has its own history. As the different hordes ran down the Asian slopes into Europe, their rats followed, as the modern rat follows armies' commissary wagons and the ships. Europe has maintained the rats of the Goths, the Vandals, and the Huns.

The modern brown rat is a Muscovite, the fiercest competitor of the smaller black rat maintained by Europe for centuries. The brown rat has been carried to every place whither the commerce of civilization has found its way, and at one time or another has been seen everywhere on earth. It has exterminated the black rat in many places.

RESTORATION OF THE CAMPANILE

Venice's famous Campanile has been restored. It collapsed nine years ago. It was originally a watch tower, before the Christian world was yet in its teens. In the work of reconstruction one man has worked for years piecing together the 2,000 fragments of the figure of the Madonna and the Child. The figure of St. John was originally part of the group, but it was shattered to atoms in the fall. Four of the five bells have been recast, and their first peal was recorded by a gramophone, which was sent to Pope Pius X., who expressed his delight at their clear tones.

"You say you are your wife's third husband?" said one man to another, during a talk.

"No, I am her fourth husband," was the reply.

"Heavens, man," said the first speaker. "You are not a husband—you're a habit."

Frivol and Fluff

(By Berton Braley)

"Funny, isn't it, how all this fluffy stuff gets the men?" said David.

"Does it?" Ella asked.

Ella was not at all fluffy. Her hair was a soft brown, with a coppery sheen, but it was straight and severely simple in its arrangement. Her gowns were severely plain, her features severely regular, her temperament severely intellectual. Her eyes, however, rather belied all this severity. They were very bright, and there was an impish little gleam in them.

"I should say it does!" David asseverated. "Put an ordinary man up against a pretty little thing with cuddlesome ways and beseeching brown eyes; and if she lets a stray lock of hair brush his face, or her hand linger in his, or if she looks up at him out of wondering and apparently adoring eyes, or waxes enthusiastic over his bigness and strength or cleverness—why, he forgets that she can't cook, forgets tuat she can't run a house, can't talk sensibly, can't do anything worth while. He simply falls for the fluffy stuff, and there you are. I never could understand how a little powder and rouge and hair-dressing and kittenishness can make a grown man act like a silly child!"

"Yet the kittenish girls get a good time out of life, and seem to make men just as happy as the wiser ones. In fact, the wiser girls mostly stay single," said Ella.

"That's because most men are romantic nincompoops," David growled. "They make marriage a matter of sentiment instead of sane choice, and they never learn any better."

Ella gazed thoughtfully out of the window. David gazed thoughtfully at Ella. She was a thoroughbred, he knew—a true, able, and noble woman, fit to be any good man's mate, and just the sort of girl he should marry. He and Ella hadn't any nonsense about them. They would certainly hit it off together.

Yet he didn't propose. His mind approved and every consideration urged, but something seemed to hold him back. He could think of no one whom he liked and admired more; but though he had come tonight determined to ask her, he hesitated.

"David," said Ella, suddenly, "when you were a little kiddo, did your mother ever kiss a scratch on your hand and make it well?"

David nodded.

"Great imagination I had in those days," he said. "All rot, of course!"

Ella made no direct answer. She continued looking out of the window.

"David," she went on, after a little pause, "do you know that it's three years since I went to a dance?—and I went with you the last time. That's a long while ago, David."

"Yes, but think of the real solid talking and reading and thinking we've done togetner in those three years," said David. "That's better than whirling around with feather-brained boys and fluffy girls who don't know anything."

Ella smiled.

"Then I shan't see you at the dance tomorrow night?" she said. "You'd rather be reading a good book. I, however, am compelled to go with a young man who dances divinely, they tell me, and who rather prefers fluffiness. I shall have a perfectly horrid and dull time, of course, but I shall try to get through it."

"Young Howard?" queried David.

"Yes," said Ella.

"Light-weight, but not a bad sort. Hope you enjoy yourself." David took his hat. "By the way," he added casually, "it may be that I shall look in during the evening. Sister says I've got to go. Suppose you save the eleventh and twelfth for me?"

"All right," Ella agreed.

David gasped with amazement and admiration. He wouldn't have known Ella. He had been hovering about ever since the fifth dance, but he hadn't been able to get a glimpse of her in the crowd. Now he had located her, in the midst of a group of young men. Her hair was put up in some shimmery, soft, new way; her lips were scarlet; her cheeks flushed pink; her shoulders looked like marble.

David caught her eye for a second; she smiled brilliantly at him, then swiftly turned to her laughing group of admirers. David felt as if a door had been slammed in his face. He repaired to the smoking-room, where he sulked.

After interminable years his dance arrived. Ella, in an indescribable gown of filmy something or other, stood up as if ready to dance. David shook his head.

"No," he said, "let's talk."

"I'd rather dance," said Ella. "It's a sin to waste music like this, and the floor is wonderful!"

She took two or three graceful steps.

"But I don't dance, you know," David protested.

"You used to," said Ella; "and I don't believe that you've forgotten how. Come on!"

His arm slipped about her waist, and they swung into the waltz.

"Why, it's the old 'Dream of Joy,'" said David; "the best waltz of all! Do you remember, we danced it three years ago, and you said you'd rather waltz with me than eat—and then you ate twenty-four olives at supper."

"All fluff and frivol, David. I wonder you remember!"

"Remember! I remember every word you said that night. I remember—"

Ella chuckeld.

"How many," she asked, "of our serious and valuable talks in the three years since do you recall word for word?"

David grinned sheepishly.

"Not one," he admitted.

Ella smiled again, a very wise and tender smile, but said nothing. When the music stopped, she looked up demurely at David and cooed:

"David, you're just as perfect a dancer as ever! I had almost forgotten how big and strong you are, and how you used to sail through the jam of dancers on hop nights."

She lifted her eyes adoringly to his. David beamed, and led Ella out into the moonlight.

"How is it," he asked, "that you are so radiant tonight? Your cheeks are so red—"

"Rouge!" said Ella.

"Your lips so brilliant—"

"Lip-stain!"

"Your hair so soft and shimmery and elusively fragrant—"

"Hairdresser!"

"And your gown—"

"Frivol and fluff!" said Ella. "You hate 'em. You don't see why men fall for them."

She shot him a warm, sweet, shy glance that was half challenge and all lure. Her shoulder touched his, a wisp of her hair blew across his face. She sighed deeply, and in some magic way seemed to snuggle closer to him without really moving at all. David's arm closed about her waist.

"Ella," he tensely whispered, "you are a witch! You're a positive darling, and you're driving me distracted. When are you going to marry me?"

"Marriage should be a matter of sane choice, not of sentiment," quoted Ella, nevertheless settling comfortably back against that encircling arm.

"David," she went on, "you're a fraud! I've been sane and sensible for three years, and you just wouldn't propose. You've talked philosophy and politics and common sense—but you never talked marriage until tonight. And tonight you fell for the 'frivol and fluff' that they all fall for; and I'm glad of it, because it proves you're a regular man!"

"Anyhow," said David," I love you, frivol and fluff and all. This would probably be a poor world without it. Ouch!"

For he had scratched himself slightly on the queer bracelet which Ella wore.

"Oh, did it hurt?" Ella asked solicitously.

She examined the tiny scratch gravely. Then she bent over and kissed it.

"That makes it all well," said David; "but I've got an awful scratch on my lip!"

NO MORE LEPER CIGARETTES

How true it is that half the world does not know how the other half lives. A law has just been passed by the Egyptian authorities to the effect that the lepers of Egypt shall no longer make cigarettes for sale. There are six thousand lepers in Egypt, and but for this law we might never have known that we are indebted to them for certain kinds of expensive cigarettes. There is nothing to show whether all Egyptian lepers were in the habit of making cigarettes for the unsuspecting consumer or whether only a few employed themselves in this way. At least it is a relief to know that they will do so no more, and that we shall not be under the necessity of giving our cigarettes a preliminary soaking in cmoride of lime or carbonic acid.

DEATH MASK OF DANTE

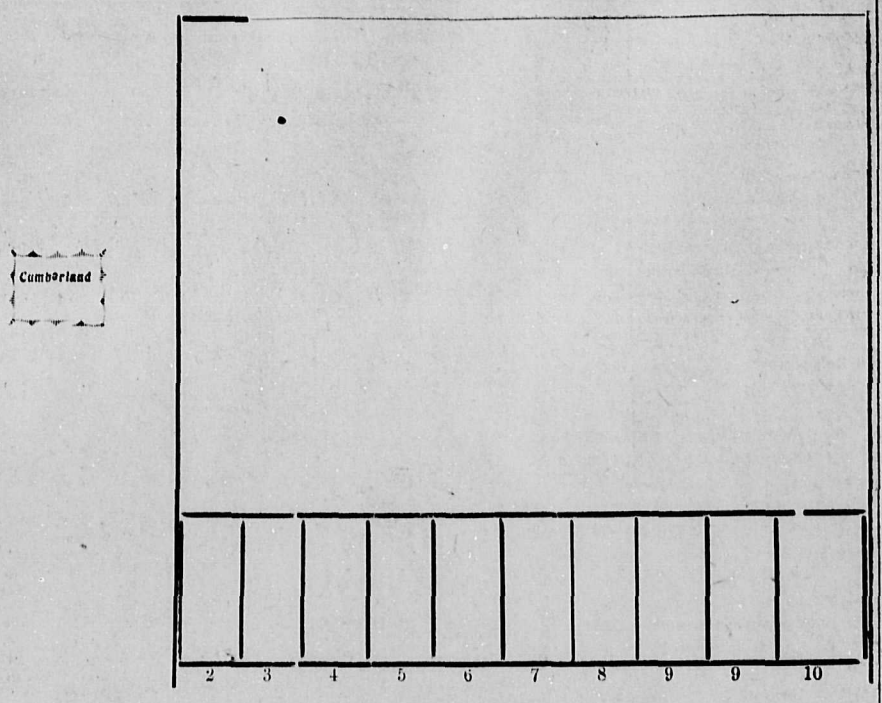
If Florence has actually come into possession of the death mask of Dante it owns a treasure of unique interest. There is no reason why the relic should not be genuine, but there seems to be no positive proof that it is genuine. It was discovered in 1830 by the sculptor Bertolini. Then it became the property of the English painter Seymour Kirkup, whose widow gave it to Professor Alessandro d'Ancona, who has now handed it over to the city of Florence. The professor himself believes it to be genuine, but Signor Ricci thinks that it was taken from the effigy of the poet's tomb at Ravenna. Professor d'Ancona writes enthusiastically: "This antique and authentic portrait of our greatest fellow-citizen should return among us. Let Dante came back in effigy into his own city and be once more near his 'bel San Giovanni.' Let him live again in a place which, 600 years ago, heard his voice, yes, and in a palace where several times he, the respected and admired orator, spoke."

CARRIED BATH TO FILIPINOS

If it is actually true that the American authorities have convinced the Filipino of the virtues of the bath then they have not lived in vain. And it seems to be true. Before the occupation the Filipino would have nothing to do with any water that was not of surface origin. And he used very little of that. He had a rooted distrust of the subterranean supply. Coming from the mysterious depths of the earth, who could say what evil spirits had disported themselves therein and tainted it? But now he has learned the virtues of the artesian well. Dr. Heiser, health director for the Philippines, says that he needs no longer to plead for wells, as he did in the early days; no candidate for the assembly has any slightest chance of election unless he pledges himself to vote for all the artesian wells his district needs. With more abundant water assured, the Filipino is taking to the bathtub habit too.

THE UNSINKABLE GARMENT

A remarkable demonstration was given the other day in the Spree, near Berlin, of a new fabric designed to make clothing so buoyant that it will keep its wearer afloat in the water. The composition of the invention which brings about this result is a well-guarded secret. To don a garment lined with it is to become unsinkable. On the occasion mentioned, infantrymen, in full marching kit, clad in uniforms lined with the material, which rendered the clothing neither heavier nor thicker than usual, threw themselves into the water, and not only did not sink, but were able to "march" in the water and to fire. At the same time coffee was served to a party in the water, waiter and guests being clad in the special fabric. It is reported that recently the inventor, wearing his suit, jumped into the water before the Kaiser's steamer to demonstrate the value of his device and that the police arrested him for impropriety!



Here Are Some Lots

Five acres at the price usually paid for a town lot, within one mile of Cumberland.

Price from $325 to $500 per block of Five Acres.

Small Cash Payment and Balance on EASY TERMS

Bates, & Hardy, Courtenay

EXCLUSIVE AGENTS

CharlieSingChong

DEALER IN

Silkwear of all kinds, Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware.

BEST QUALITY AT CHEAPEST PRICES

10 per cent. off for first ten days.

Store at Chinatown. GOODS SOLD CASH ONLY.

THE People's TEA

is sold by

McPhee & Morrison

GENERAL MERCHANTS

Courtenay B.C.

at 40c Per lb.

This TEA is a Special Blend and well worthy of a trial, so do not fail to TRY IT.

QUATHIASKI COVE.

SEALED TENDERS, superscribed "Tender for Lock-up, Quathiaski Cove," will be received by the Honorable the Minister of Public Works up to 12 o'clock noon of Thursday, the 26th day of October, 1911 for the erection and completion of five room, two cell Lock-up at Quathiaski Cove, Valdez Island, in the Comox Electoral District, B. C.

Plans, specifications, contract, and forms of tender may be seen on and after the 12th day of October, 1911, at the Government Agents' offices, Cumberland and Nanaimo, the Constable in charge Quathiaski Cove, and the Department of Public Works, Parliament Buildings, Victoria.

Each proposal must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque or certificate of deposit on a chartered bank of Canada, made payable to the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of $350, which shall be forfeited if the party tendering decline to enter into contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. The cheques or certificates of deposit of unsuccessful tenderers will be returned to them upon the execution of the contract.

Tenders will not be considered unless made out on the forms supplied, signed with the actual signature of the tenderer, and enclosed in the envelopes furnished.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

J. E. GRIFFITH,
Public Works Engineer.

Department of Public Works,
Victoria, B. C, October 9th, 1911

oc14 oc28

NOTICE

Having sold my bicycle business, all accounts due must be paid to me. Those having accounts will render same to me.

E C. EMDE.

"PUBLIC INQUIRIES ACT."

HIS HONOUR the Lieutenant-Governor in Council has been pleased to appoint the Honourable Albert Edward McPhillipps, K. C., President of the Executive Council; the Honourable Price Ellison, Minister of Finance; Charles Henry Lugrin, of the City of Victoria, Esquire; and Willliam Harold Malkin, of the City of Vancouver, Esquire; to be Commissioners under the "Public Inquiries Act', for the purpose of enquiring into and reporting upon the operation of the "Assessment Act, 1903," with respect to its practical bearings on the financial requirements of the Province.

The said Commissioners will hold their meetings on the dates and at the places mentioned hereunder, namely:—

Victoria at the Executive Council Chamber, Parliament Buildings, Monday and Tuesday, 25th and 26th September at 10 a. m. At the Court House or the Government Office at the following places:—

Nanaimo, Wednesday and Thursday 27th and 28th September.
Vancouver, Friday and Saturday, 29th and 30th September.
New Westminster, Monday 2nd Oct.
Revelstoke, Wednesday, 4th Oct.
Golden, Thursday 5th October.
Cranbrook, Saturday, 7th October.
Fernie, Monday, 9th October.
Nelson, Wednesday, 11th October.
Rossland, Thursday, 12th October,
Grand Forks, Friday, 13th October.
Princeton, Saturday, 14th October.
Merritt, Monday, 16th October.
Kamloops, Tuesday, 17th October.
Summerland, Thursday, 19th Oct.
Penticton, Friday, 20th October.
Kelowna, Saturday, 21st October.
Vernon, Monday, 23rd October.

It is requested that all persons who are interested in the matter aforesaid and who desire to be heard, will not fail to be present at the meetings of the Commissioners,

PRICE ELLISON,
Chairman.

Treasury Department,
13th September, 1911.

sep23 oc23

Visiting cards at the Islander office.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

NOB HILL SCHOOL.

SEALED TENDERS, superscribed "Tender for School-house, Nob Hill," will be received by the Honourable the Minister of Public Works up to 12 o'clock noon of Friday, the 27th day of October, 1911, for the erection and completion of a small one-room frame school house at Nob Hill, in the Comox Electoral District, B. C.

Plans, specifications, contract, and forms of tenders may be seen on and after the 7th day of October, 1911, at the offices of Walter Gage, Esq., Secretary of the School Board, Comox, B. C.; the Government Agent, Cumberland, B. C.; and the Department of Public Works, Parliament Buildings, Victoria.

Each proposal must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque or certificate of deposit on a chartered bank of Canada, made payable to the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of $250, which shall be forfeited if the party tendering decline to enter into contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. The cheques or certificates of deposit of unsuccessful tenderers will be returned to them upon the execution of the contract.

Tenders will not be considered unless made out on the forms supplied, signed with the actual signature of the tenderer, and enclosed in the envelopes furnished.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

J. E GRIFFITH,
Public Works Engineer.

Public Works Department,
Victoria, B. C., October 5th, 1911.

oc14 oc27

CANCELLATION OF RESERVE.

Notice is hereby given that the reserve existing by reason of the notice published in the British Columbia Gazette of the 27th December 1907, covering a parcel of land situated on Redonda Island, formerly held under Timber License No. 44043, which has lapsed, is cancelled, and the said lands will be open to location after midnight on the 14th December 1911.

ROBERT A. RENWICK.
Deputy Minister of Land.

Department of Lands, Victoria, B. C.
September 12th, 1911.

sep23 oc23

MAGNET CASH STORE

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Furniture

Wallpaper

Crockery

Etc., etc.

A nice line of Iron Bedsteads

$4. to $40.

just arrived

T. E. BATE.

BUY A SINGER

The BEST Machine on the Market and sold on EASY TERMS .....

JEPSON BROS., District Agents, Nanaimo, B. C.

C. Segrave, Local Representative, Cumberland, B. C.

Capital $6,200,000 Reserve $7,000,000

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Drafts issued in any currency, payable all over the world

SPECIAL ATTENTION paid to SAVINGS ACCOUNTS, and interest at highest current rates allowed on deposits of $1 and upwards

CUMBERLAND, B.C., Branch— — — OPEN DAILY

UNION WHARF, B.C., Sub Branch—OPEN THURSDAYS

D. M. Morrison, Manager

COURTENAY, B. C. BRANCH OPEN DAILY

Wm. H. Hoff, Manager.

IF YOU WANT A FIRST CLASS PIANO

AT A MODERATE PRICE

Buy a STANLEY

These Pianos give satisfaction in tone and touch and are built to last a lifetime.

We carry the Victor Gramophone & Victrolas, and Victor Records. Call and hear the latest novelty,

The Victor Puzzle Record Price $1.00

6 RECORDS IN ONE 6

.. DUNSMORE'S MUSIC STORE ..

Church St., NANAIMO, B. C. Opposite Bank of Commerce.

Fall Clothes

Not in many years have we shown such variety assortment of Fall Suitings, including all the new color effects in the plain and fancy Cheviots, Worsteds Scotch and Irish Tweeds, Blue and Black Serges, Cassimeres and Diagonals. Nearly 400 designs to select from Come in and measure now. This is the time to make selection

E GUARANTEE PERFECT FIT OR REFUND YOUR MONEY

UNION BAY CO-OPERATIVE COMPANY

Sole Agents for Hobberlin Limited Canada's Largest Tailors